he Gang's All There—
E IPR RETURNS TO CHINA
SEE PAGE 184

50 CENTS
CDC

AUGUST 10, 1965

NATIONAL REVIEW

A Journal of Fact and Opinion

What they had to do in Connecticut when the Supreme Court said its Constitution is unconstitutional

OR

Is Earl Warren out of his mind?

E ROY SMITH
P O DRAWER N
LIMA OHIO
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Also In This Issue:

BURNHAM ON THE REHABILITATION OF THE FELLOW TRAVELERS ♦

N. SCHLAMM ON DE BEAUVOIR ♦ RUSHER ON GOLDWATEROLOGY ♦

BUCKLEY ON THE SCRANTON BUREAUCRATS ♦ TOLEDANO ON BACH

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NATIONAL REVIEW

A JOURNAL OF FACT AND OPINION

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In This Issue . . .

➔ we visit one of our country's most venerable institutions, the Connecticut House of Representatives, which has been doing business at the same old stand since 1638, and which is worth visiting now because it is under sentence of death, upon a finding by the Supreme Court that whatever is not one-man one-vote is unconstitutional. The melancholy report is the work of Mr. **Edward J. Bell,** Columbia '65, a devotee of English literature and political science, now on duty at *NR* pending the army's wishes. . . . Another institution, of another stripe, is under attack also. The World Youth Festival that might have been, and might have been in the Algeria of Ben Bella, won't be. These glad tidings are amplified by Mrs. **Stella Musulin,** a correspondent of the *Economist* and other British publications, and Dr. **Laszlo M. Taubinger,** a close observer of events in World Communism and in Eastern Europe particularly, and a card-carrying correspondent of the Swiss National Broadcasting Corporation.

➔ **Wm. F. Buckley Jr.** describes his recent confrontation with bureaucracy in the chilling terms of irreversible doom. A man is sentenced to death. A search of the records in Pennsylvania might be of material importance. A letter is fired off to Gov. Scranton. . . . **James Burnham,** coming across a newspaper report of the snug quarters now occupied in Communist China by some of the old Treasury-IPR-Silvermaster-Bentley-Chambers etc. crowd in their blue phase, is moved to remind us of the web of subversion, and of the Chase Manhattan types who have not to this day publicly done penance for their misguided support of the enemy, years ago. . . . That benign blower-upon of card houses, Prof. **Russell Kirk,** takes note of the voluminously documented disproportion betwixt the number of youngsters seeking a spot in college and the number of college lecture hall seats going cold for lack of bottoms. Perhaps, says the Revolutionist, fewer bottoms and more brains should seek admission to college?

➔ Now, about that election in 1964. Our publisher, **William A. Rusher,** a man who was present at many of the great turning points of a brilliantly managed campaign that commenced in 1961 and stopped in January, June, August, November 1964, or never, depending on how you see it, reviews two analyses of the Goldwater 1964 bit, one by Theodore White, one by Stephen Shadegg. Good work, says Rusher, and we're not done yet. . . . Our European Man ad lib, **William S. Schlamm,** has gone 658 pages with Simone de Beauvoir, whom he finds to be not a philosopher, but but but but. . . . With a law degree and a doctorate in political science, **Gerald Caplan** takes on a book by the tireless Bernard Schwartz, and comes up with a stronger defense of property than of Schwartz. Do you remember Caplan, a year ago, writing on the tyranny of the California Bar Association? . . . Author, columnist, poet, linguist, music critic, and happily recuperating subject of a recent appendectomy, **Ralph de Toledano** listens to Bach. ➔

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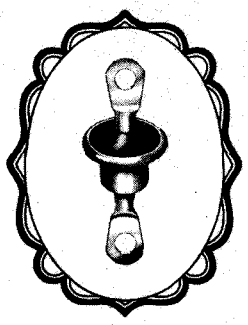

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TO THE EDITOR

Pop. Explosion

Let me congratulate you fervently on your special articles on the population explosion in your issue of July 27. No other problem facing the world, not even the bomb, approaches it in importance.

Delaware, Ohio DEAN M. JACKMAN

If *NR*'s purpose was to add voice to the "cry alarm" passion of the hour, perhaps a significant addition to the hysteria was achieved. But why? Alas, there was no one to tell Sturgeon that the unprecedented prosperity we enjoy is a function of numbers and intelligence, and that population growth has paralleled man's capacity to sustain population. Pyrrho and Guttmacher were objective and constructive—but I hold an image of Garry Wills dancing on the head of a pin.

McLean, Va. THOMAS A. LANE

Re Mr. Wills' call for "fewer canceled TV shows" that dare to discuss birth control and the Church:

As long as many of my patients, like many other Catholics, must suffer heroic sacrifices to live according to the *present* policy of the Church, it seems like unnecessary and inhuman cruelty to subject them to the doubts of a prolonged public debate where the proposition is put forth that there is just a *slight possibility* that their suffering is and has been foolish and vain. I agree that the alternative views must be discussed; but please have the wisdom to keep the discussion inside limited forums such as NATIONAL REVIEW, until the experts have agreed.

Lynwood, Calif. JAMES H. FORD, M.D.

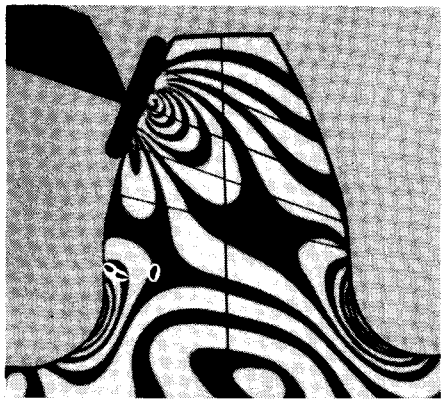
Pop Explosion

Did I detect a disparaging attitude toward the television show, "It's What's Happening, Baby" ["The Week," July 27]? As a loyal reader of *NR* for two of my sixteen years, I disagree.

1) The program reached its audience (probably the only government project to do so in a long time).

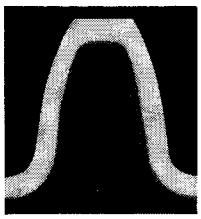
2) If you like rock 'n roll, it was great. LBJ somehow booked all the top pop singers. Why shouldn't the government produce teen-age music programs? They're doing everything else for us. And since I'll some day have to pay off the national debt why not *enjoy* the way the money is spent?

Chicago, Ill. PAM BESSER



Stronger TSP hardened gears conquer destructive operating stresses

The photograph above shows the stresses that occur when a gear tooth is subjected to a load. Note the high compressive stresses at the point of loading, and the large bending stresses in the root radius. Firms manufacturing heavy duty equipment are finding that TSP hardened gearing provides the strength needed to resist wear, absorb shocks, and transmit high power loads. The extra strength of TSP gears comes from our 'Tool Steel process' of carburizing and hardening which provides the highest possible load carrying ability.



Cross section of TSP gear tooth shows deep, uniformly hardened case, about 1/5 the tooth thickness at the pitch line.

TSP hardened gears have a deep, uniformly hardened case (62-66 Rockwell C) to provide strength at all stressed positions. The high carbon case provides excellent wear resistance and a beneficial residual stress pattern after hardening. TSP hardened gears are guaranteed to outwear ordinary gears in the same service. In addition, new TSP hardened compact gears enable designers to provide smaller power transmission units for heavy equipment at significant savings in size and weight. If you are seeking replacement gears for those that wear out or break frequently, if you are purchasing new equipment and want to assure the longest possible equipment life with low maintenance and freedom from danger of expensive failures, specify TSP hardened gears. If you are designing new power transmission units, you can save space and weight with TSP hardened compact gears. Write or wire for detailed information.

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Plain talk about book clubs in general and ours in particular, the Conservative Book Club, especially for those of you who have so far resisted joining.

Why a Book Club?

For the owners, to make money (and in some cases, such as ours, to spread the reading of books we strongly believe in).

For the members, to save money and to do a lot more reading on subjects that interest them.

But can't you accomplish these objectives without joining a book club?

That depends. You certainly can buy the same books elsewhere. *But do you?* Each time you say to yourself, "I'm going to read that one", do you follow through? If you do, we salute you. In fact, we'd like your autograph.

But if you are a mere human, you get around to reading only a few of the books you intend to.

As for prices, you can't beat book club bargains anywhere. Publishers and bookstores would go broke in a week if they tried to sell at club prices. It may seem strange that a club can sell for even less than the publisher, but there's a good reason.

The market for any book (its "universe", as the statisticians might say) is scattered and hard to find. So the publisher must go to considerable expense either *a*) to reach these people by mail or *b*) to get the book out to his distributors, the booksellers, who must also make a profit. The result: higher prices and (usually) low sales.

Enter the book club—say, ours. The Conservative Book Club was born out of the conviction that:

1. Intelligent conservatives abound in these United States.
2. They have a lively interest in good books.
3. They would welcome the chance to get them at *very deep discounts*.

And so it has proved to be. CBC has managed to attract, in just over one year, upwards of 30,000 book-loving conservatives. This represents an enormous concentration of buying power—which benefits its members in the form of discounts that range as high as 75%.

There's another factor. A dozen manufacturers may make a certain type of product; a dealer may stock perhaps four or five of them. But most publishers and bookstores stock *thousands* of books. The variety is infinite – for which, thank heaven. But the industry and the reader pay the price; they must largely do without the savings of mass production.

Book clubs, however, *can* offer these savings. Ours, for example, carries only some 25 selected books a year—not the whole 25,000 that are published annually. And our printing orders on these books may be seven or eight times larger than any publisher would dare risk on his own.

Objections to Book Clubs

Despite the big savings, some readers resist book clubs, for several reasons. How valid are these objections?

Objection: I don't like books forced on me.
Reply: They aren't, at least in CBC. You get a detailed description of each Selection in the monthly Club Bulletin. Under Plan A (described below), you need take only 3 books out of some 30 to be offered in the next 15 months. Breathes there an intelligent conservative who won't be reading at least 3 of these 30 books? We doubt it, but we provide for their freedom of action anyway. Under Plan B (described below), you need *never* accept a Selection, and you still enjoy all privileges of membership.

Objection: I don't want my books "preselected".
Reply: They always are, to some extent. Publishers decide which books to publish, which books to bring to your notice by advertising. Book review editors decide what books to review, and thus to call to your attention. CBC likewise selects. The question really is, do you like at least some of the books the Club offers? Below is a sampling of our Selections. If you can't find any you like, then the Club is simply not for you.

Objection: I don't want to be bothered refusing each Selection I don't want.
Reply: Well, in the course of deciding—and perhaps refusing (on a form we always provide)—you *learn* all about the new conservative books and what's in them. Isn't that worth a few minutes a month?

Objection: Maybe I won't get my refusal back in time.
Reply: You get from 18 to 25 days, depending on where you live.

Objection: I don't want to be under obligation.
Reply: You need not be. See obligation-free Plan B below.

Objection: I like to buy from my bookstore.
Reply: You should, for most books. A book club can offer you excellent bargains on *selected* books; a good bookstore will get *any* book for you, and is therefore justified in charging the regular retail price. Book clubs and bookstores complement each other. Both are necessary.

Do I help the conservative cause by joining CBC?

Definitely. In our first year, starting from scratch, the Club distributed over 150,000 conservative books. CBC sales of most titles far surpassed sales by the publisher.

This not only means more conservative books are being read. It means more income for conservative writers—more incentive for them to keep on with their vital work.

Perhaps most significant, CBC has made the Liberals along Pub.ishers' Row sit up and take notice. Publishers now call us to see if the Club might be interested in conservative manuscripts they're considering. Several times now, a nod from the Club has prompted a publisher to offer the author a contract.

The Club features a special Omnibus Volume every few months—three or four books bound into one. This format enables us to give extra value . . . and to offer a dash of the unusual, the kind of book many a conservative might otherwise overlook.

Finally, the Club Bulletin gives members a really comprehensive review of each Selection, thus keeps them abreast of important conservative books even when they decide not to buy them.

How the Club Works

As a member, you get the monthly Club Bulletin free. It describes the current Selection and Alternates, and also features a news column for conservatives, "And RIGHTLY So". If you want the Selection, there's no need to do anything. It comes automatically (and always at Club discount). If you don't want it, merely send back the handy form always provided.

There are no fees. You need never pay in advance. You are billed only when you actually receive a book. And you have this choice of membership plans:

Plan A. You get a free book of your choice on joining, in return for which you agree to take 3 books over the next 15 months, from among some 30 the Club will offer. After buying 3 books, you are free to resign. (Happily, only about 15% of our members have, in fact, resigned—eloquent testimony that most are pleased with the Club.)

You may choose any one of the following books free if you join under Plan A. Since these are all past Selections or Alternates, they also give you a good idea of the quality of CBC Selections:

15. **Suicide of the West** *by James Burnham. Retail price* $5.95.

41. **Omnibus Volume 4. Where's The Rest of Me?—The Ronald Reagan Story** *by Ronald Reagan with R. G. Hubler. 17 photographs. Unabridged.* **The Equivocal Men** *by Holmes M. Alexander. Unabridged.* **Reading Without Dick and Jane** *by Arthur S. Trace, Jr. Unabridged.* **Welfare, Freedom and Inflation** *by Wilhelm Roepke. Unabridged. 4 selections in one. Retail value* $17.40.

23. **Reminiscences** *by Douglas MacArthur. Lavishly illustrated. Retail price* $6.95.

25. **White Teacher in a Black School** *by Robert Kendall. Retail price* $4.95.

26. **Cold Friday** *by Whittaker Chambers. Retail price* $5.95.

27. **Omnibus Volume 2.** *Includes 2 complete books, 1 generous excerpt, 1 lengthy essay—all bound into one handsome volume:* **The Greatest Plot in History** *by Ralph de Toledano,* **What You Should Know About Inflation** *(Newly Revised) by Henry Hazlitt,* **The Great Interlude** *(Excerpts) by Francis Russell,* **Political Causes of the American Revolution** *by Lord Acton. Retail value* $14.95.

32. **Red Spies in the UN** *by Pierre J. Huss and George Carpozi, Jr. 42 photographs. Index. Retail price* $5.50.

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33. **Omnibus Volume 3.** *Includes 3 complete books bound into one handsome volume:* **The Moulding of Communists** *by Frank S. Meyer,* **The Grim Truth About Fluoridation** *by Robert M. Buck,* **Path of Dalliance** *by Auberon Waugh. Retail value* $11.90.

35. **Congress and the American Tradition** *by James Burnham. Retail price* $7.50.

36. **JFK: The Man and the Myth** *by Victor Lasky. Retail price* $7.95.

37. **The Enterprising Americans** *by John Chamberlain. Illustrated. Retail price* $5.95.

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So come on in—the books are fine. To try membership, just pick the Plan you prefer and send the coupon below (or write on your own stationery) to Conservative Book Club, 542 Main Street, New Rochelle, New York 10801.

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Please enroll me as a Trial Member of the CONSERVATIVE BOOK CLUB. I understand that membership entitles me to buy Club Selections at discounts of 20% to 75% plus shipping. As a member I am eligible to participate in all sales, and you will provide free gift card service if ever I ask you to mail a Club book to a friend; you charge only the Club discount price plus shipping. Each month you will send me free the Club Bulletin describing Selections and other recommended books, any of which I may reject on the handy form provided. If I accept a Selection I need do nothing; it will come automatically.

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YRs in Miami

Re your July 13 issue and "Liberals Strike Back at Goldwater Win" by Mr. M. Stanton Evans:

My compliments to the chef.

Fort Lauderdale, Fla. WILLARD D. DOVER

Mr. Evans' article about the Young Republicans was very refreshing. One question, didn't the Young Republicans indorse the Civil Rights Act of 1964?

Midland, Mich. DAVID BROWER

No. They defeated a motion urging its repeal. —ED.

The Professors

Among the most delightful few minutes of reading which I have ever experienced were those spent perusing Will Herberg's article in the July 13 issue. I would secrifice a year's supply of *NR* to have said the words in the same permutation that Mr. Herberg used in paragraph four of his article. It is the most powerful and accurate description of which I have any knowledge.

I am a professor too, but I grow daily more alarmed at the course apparently being pursued by my profession. At one time I looked upon The Professor as being only a little lower than the angels. My disappointment is keen. Of course, those of us in The Academy of conservative inclinations are not above reproach. We seldom effectively battle the weasels within the ivied halls. In our inarticulateness we only sputter and rage. We deserve to be vanquished. It would be no great loss.

But thank Heaven for the "taxi-drivers" and for the Herbergs. Those people we can't spare.

Radford, Va. E. WARREN CHILTON

Mr. Herberg, in the July 13 issue, makes a very cogent appraisal of the "teach-in" phenomenon and its relevance to the present scene. However, he fails to point out the fact that the "Professoriat," with its delusion of universal perspicacity, is but the logical result of the official and general approbation accorded such individuals as Einstein, who, while brilliant in their fields of study, are entitled to no claim of eminence in other matters.

Greensburg, Pa. MRS. DON F. HANLEN

Capitalism and the Free Market

Though in general agreement with Mr. Stokes' "What Hope for Latin America?" [July 13] may I be permitted to challenge his loose substitution of the word "capitalism" for "free-market economy"?

Mr. Stokes states: "Capitalism, with its principles of private ownership. . . ." Private ownership is independent of capitalism. The Communist and socialist countries are capitalistic, even though their leaders may not have studied *The Nature and Causes of the Wealth of Nations*. Again, "In contrast to planned economic systems, capitalism will do what people want it to do." State capitalism will not. It would have been better to state that a free-market economy will do what people want it to do, insuring the accumulation of capital (without reliance upon government decision and coercion) and the most economic expenditure of capital for maximum satisfaction of wants and needs.

Freedom, not capitalism, is responsible for our superiority over socialist countries.

Amherst, Mass. CARL A. KEYSER

How Derounian Lost (Cont.)

Mr. Neal Freeman, in "How to Beat a Good Congressman" [June 29], places the blame for Congressman Derounian's defeat in the 1964 election on the John Birch Society, or more specifically on the opposition's apparent success in tagging Derounian with the Birch label. I think the author overrates the JBS and fails to mention the real reason for Derounian's defeat.

It was common knowledge in Republican circles on the Island that Derounian was on the outs with Rockefeller Republicans in New York State, and so they gerrymandered his district to assure his defeat. Derounian fooled them in the 1962 election, probably due to the ineptitude of his opponent. In 1964, the odds caught up with him. His former district went Republican in both '62 and '64, and I daresay is a "safe district" for the Republicans, regardless of John Birch labels.

Valley Stream, N.Y. A. P. MCHUGH

Everything Mr. Freeman says in his article may be true, but he completely fails to prove his point. Whether a given candidate wins or loses depends on a good many other factors than the tactics of his opponent. Mr. Freeman points out that Congressman Derounian lost because the Democratic majority in Great Neck and Roslyn was much greater than before. Mr. Freeman claims this was because Mr. Wolff had in those two areas "pounded away most relentlessly on the Derounian-Birch theme." But he fails to tell us what door-to-door work was done by the party organizations in those areas. A heavy drive by the Democratic Party could, by itself, have been responsible for the extra vote.

Detroit, Mich. RICHARD DURANT

What's in a name? Mr. Neal Freeman points with pride to Mr. Derounian's defense of the right of John Birchers to entertain ideas with which he (Mr. Derounian) disagrees. I am a member of the Board of Directors of the American Civil Liberties Union, which consistently defended the right to speak (though not necessarily the wisdom) of many organ-

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izations and individuals, including the John Birch Society and Mr. Buckley. With true good sportsmanship, Mr. Derounian accused me of (a) being anti-Semitic (I am Jewish) since I also defended the right to speak (though surely not the wisdom) of Nazi George Lincoln Rockwell, (b) being a Communist since I also defended the right to speak (though surely not the wisdom) of Communists, and (c) being an atheist since I questioned (as did eight or nine members of the Supreme Court) the constitutionality of prayers in public school. How good and fair can a "good congressman" get?

Finally, if the Fair Campaign Practices Committee ever investigated any alleged smears in this campaign, it was the best-kept secret investigation in history. That Committee (which found itself in a peck of trouble for alleged unfairness in the 1964 Kennedy-Keating campaign) never contacted me, nor any member of my campaign committee, nor any of my supporters. It never sent me or anyone I know a statement of charges or a complaint or a letter of inquiry and apparently spoke only to Mr. Derounian and his campaign manager. Fair practices, indeed!

New York, N.Y. GEORGE SOLL

My point was not, of course, that Derounian would have got 100 per cent of the vote had the Birch issue not been raised. It was, rather, that the fact that it was raised, and sustained at such a deafening pitch, proved decisive in Derounian's defeat. (It is also true, as Mr. McHugh points out, that Derounian's fellow Republicans in Albany did him few favors.) Mr. Soll lends his weight to the proposition that only the ineptitude of the Democratic opposition let Derounian slip by in 1962; he shows here some of the scurrilous stuff of which he was then and still is capable. (For connoisseurs, it might be pointed out that Mr. Soll is one of the finer hands with the reverse smear: "you called me a Communist," "you called me an atheist," etc.)

New York, N.Y. NEAL FREEMAN

We are grateful to George Soll for his courtesy in sending us a copy of his letter to NATIONAL REVIEW. However, Mr. Soll's last point is based on several errors which need to be corrected.

Beginning about Labor Day of 1962, when a public relations man in the Soll campaign phoned us, we were in contact with the Soll organization at least five times before Election Day. These contacts dealt with prospective complaints against Derounian but in each case the Soll camp elected not to file.

We heard rumbles from the Derounian people, but received no complaints as such during the campaign. But our post-election smear study turned up dirty tactics from both sides, including a number of anti-Derounian pieces issued in Soll's behalf.

The smear study report accused Soll personally of nothing. It did criticize the campaign conducted for him, saying that "Democrats"—not "the candidate"—did the dirty work.

In certain leaflets, ads and letters various Democratic and independent committees for Soll characterized Derounian as "Darling of the Birchites," "a candidate whose views represent these extremist groups," and so on.

The investigation at which Mr. Soll scoffs consisted of locating offensive material, then authenticating its ostensible sources. Since none of these proved to be Mr. Soll himself, there seemed little point in asking his views six months after the election, when we completed our file on the material. Of course he might have deplored its use, but a better time would have been before Election Day.

New York, N.Y. BRUCE L. FELKNOR
Executive Director
Fair Campaign Practices Committee, Inc.

The Baltic Invasion

Thank you for reminding your readers about the invasion of the Baltic countries on June 14, 1940 [June 29].

I am aware that it is an insignificant matter to the general public, but those of us who have lost our homes and families because of this, all of us, I am sure, gratefully acknowledge your mentioning this grave injustice in your excellent magazine.

Philadelphia, Pa. ELMA NILENDERS

African Economics

Mr. P. T. Bauer's essay on capitalism in Africa [June 29] is well done. But it is impossible to agree that his is a revolutionary thesis as indicated in the subheading of the paper.

Individual self-support is at least as old as Aristotle, who defined happiness as a "striving for excellence."

In Africa and Asia the most difficult problem is to demonstrate the worth of capitalism. This economic system arrived in dark and mysterious continents as an imported alien ideology, imposed by armies which made objection automatic. To this day local rulers consider wealthy subjects a threat to their political supremacy. The rulers as well as the ruled have been convinced that no one can become wealthy without depriving others of that which by right should belong to them. An aristocrat, in the eyes of such primitive individuals, is one who has an automobile. What they have not learned, and what they refuse to acknowledge even though their education has been at Oxford or Cambridge, is that prosperity of underprivileged groups, so-called,

(Continued on p. 697)

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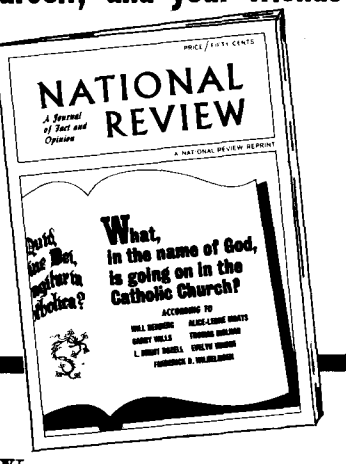

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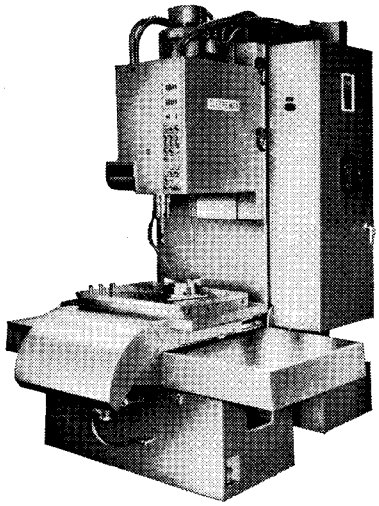

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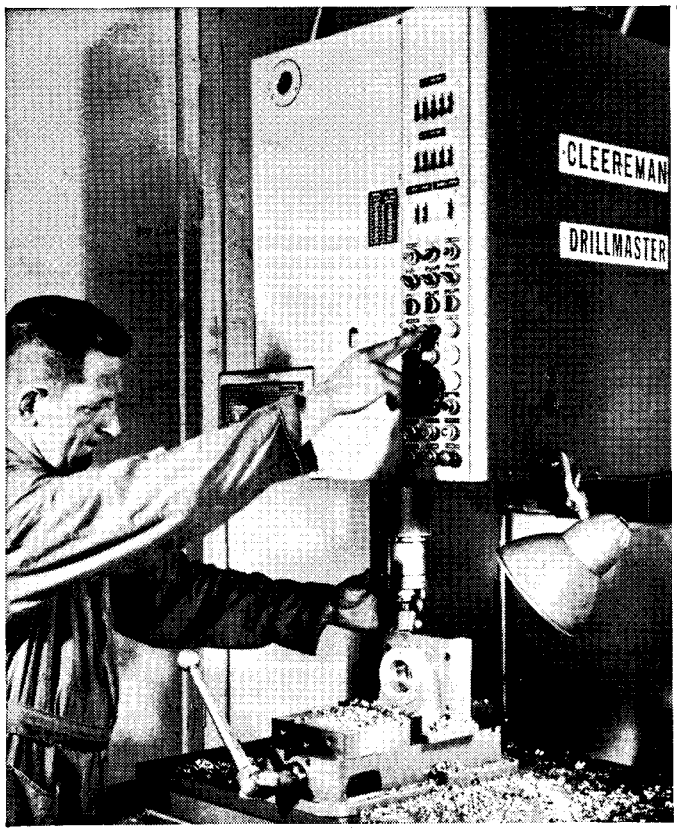

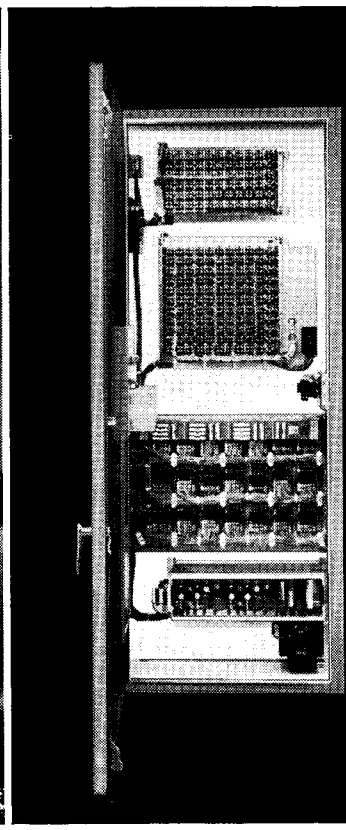

One of the two A-B control panels mounted directly on the column of the Cleereman Drillmaster. This shows the use of dry reed matrix switches for the x and y memory, the dry reed relay sequencing panel, plus associated circuitry.

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The WEEK

● On July 23 the Deputy Attorney General, Mr. Ramsey S. Clark, having consulted his conscience, addressed a letter to the Congress in which he gave out his opinion that capital punishment is unworthy of the Great Society. On that same day the Senate, at the President's urging, passed a bill similar to one already passed in the House, which would make the assassination of a President a federal crime, punishable by death. Thou shalt not kill Lyndon Johnson.

● On July 26 the President appointed a nineteen-man national crime commission to study the causes and cure of crime, and the administration of criminal justice. The same day the Department of Justice released statistics showing that since 1958 the number of crimes has been increasing six times as fast as the population. In 1964 alone, the number of "serious crimes" (murder, rape, assault, auto thefts, burglary, etc.) was up 13 per cent to 2,604,426. If the trend continues, there will be more crimes than people within two generations. Three days before the President's announcement Washington began another day in what has become the normal manner. The 48-year-old wife of a State Dept. official, walking her dogs at 9 A.M. in a Georgetown park alongside a boulevard with rush-hour traffic, was seized and raped by four young sports. Let us hope the new commission's deliberations are finished before we are.

● A few weeks ago Martin Luther King let up a trial balloon among the non-violent faithful urging them all to go along with the Pull Out of Vietnam crowd, and the thing dropped down like lead. In the meantime James Farmer had forced down a similar proposal at a CORE national convention and was on the way to a *Time* cover on two fronts, Bogalusa and Chicago, where in the last six weeks CORE has run march after march against Mayor Daley and the city school board. For a moment it appeared that as CORE moved in toward the center of the civil rights nest, King would be alone with SNCC out on the limb of the far left (where Mrs. King, of Women Strike for Peace, is used to perch). But the moment passed: and Chicago these days has a new visitor. The marches are longer and the rallies are bigger. Looking like he's never been away, De Lawd is back.

● Civil rights tensions are at least partly to blame for the "startling" rise of asthma among New York Negroes and Puerto Ricans, according to recent news reports. This is (Ah . . .) a world full of tensions, and (Ahhhh . . .) the civil rights movement adds to them (*Choo!*) for those who are concerned (sniff). What is happening, according to the *New York Times*, is an emotional epidemic never paralleled in the (Harummph!) annals of medicine. Tensions arising from the (Garummph!) civil rights movement would be no different from other (*wheeze*) tensions associated with asthma attacks, the *Times* says. There is no certainty, furthermore, that the (Huah-*CHOO*) rise in asthma is just a local phenomenon; it could be (*HAHCHOO!*) nationwide. All in all, the *Times* concludes, "an extraordinary instance of man's [Cough, WHEEZE, *gurgle*, gulp, sniff] inadvertent inhumanity to man."

● The State of California has enacted two laws which go a long way toward redressing the balance of a legal system that carries concern for the perpetrator of a crime to notorious excesses. The first, called the "Good Samaritan Law," will indemnify citizens who suffer injury while attempting to prevent a crime or capture a criminal. The second, and more significant measure, authorizes financial aid to victims of violent crimes and to families of murder victims. Governor Edmund Brown said in signing the bill: it is "ironic that [we] must spend millions of dollars for the rehabilitation of law breakers, for their food, clothing, medical care and other expenses in a correctional institution, yet their victims are left to fend for themselves."

● The rumor (well-founded) is that Senator Thomas Kuchel of California will oppose Mr. Ronald Reagan after all. The polls have consistently shown that Mr. Reagan is the GOP gubernatorial favorite. Here, then, is what will happen: Mr. Kuchel will run against Mr. Reagan, much as Mr. Rockefeller ran against Mr. Goldwater, on the grounds that Reagan is an extremist, an irresponsible, that he would bring poverty and nuclear war and pestilence to California. Reagan will beat Kuchel. And then a splintered Republican Party will return Governor Pat Brown to power. And—and this is the most important thing to remember—Reagan, not Kuchel, will be blamed for it.

● André Malraux—French Minister of Culture who is believed by many to be Charles de Gaulle's closest, and some say only, personal confidant—embarked late in June on a slow boat to, it was announced, Japan. And to Japan he briefly went, but merely as stopover, it turned out, on the way to Peking, where he arrived July 21 for a stay of a week or so. It was suggested that his business was strictly *ex officio*: to arrange exchange exhibits of Chinese and French art works, like the French and Russian exhibits currently on reciprocal tour. But half-day talks first with Foreign Minister Chen Yi, then with Premier Chou En-lai, and a possible chat with Mao Tse-tung indicated that more than art was on the agenda. M. Malraux, it will be recalled, is personally acquainted with many of the leaders of Communist

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China, whom he got to know in the turbulent days of 1927, about which he wrote his best-known novel, *Man's Fate,* in which they, along with Borodin and Chiang Kai-shek, figure as masked personae.

● It may be said of Sir Alec Douglas-Home, too, that nothing in his career as Tory leader became him like the leaving of it. A politician who steps down before he is knocked down is as rare as a unicorn. Sir Alec's farewell address to his colleagues was a model of grace and common sense. He had come to face the fact that in age, background, popular appeal, and talents he was not the man to lead the Conservatives in the battle to rescue Britain from the disastrously bungling Labor government, which will surely go to the polls again before another year is run. In his place the Tories, in accord this time with popular sentiment plainly reflected in the press, have deserted Eton to choose the ambitious, hard-driving, non-ideological Edward Heath, a grammar school pupil who worked his way through Balliol by playing the organ. At Oxford, Heath was chosen President of the Union and won his First. He ended the war as Lieut. Colonel, made money in banking and moved quickly up the political hills, becoming Party Whip (floor leader), then Cabinet member under both Macmillan and Home. In opposition he has proved himself a formidable Wilson-baiter. He plays the piano as well as the organ; and his favorite composers are Bach and Mozart.

● Cardinal Wyszinski, Primate of Poland, preaching in Warsaw two Sundays ago, identified the twin despots of the modern world: the omnipotent state at the hands of a single political party, and the labor organization possessed of exclusive control over the hiring and firing of people. "Modern man," said Cardinal Wyszinski, "is enslaved not by feudal lords, as of old, but by the petty lords of modern times." It takes a bold man to say such things in Poland. Or, for that matter, in the United States.

● *"Nous voilà,* Lafayette!" said Capt. Charles E. Stanton in Paris on July 4, 1917, coining a motto that was to symbolize America's entry into the Great War. That day seemed more than chronologically remote last week when thirteen Second Division veterans, all holders of France's highest decoration, the Croix de Guerre, announced they were asking France to take back the medals. Their gesture was in protest of President de Gaulle's refusal to cooperate with the Common Market and NATO.

● "Freedom Patrols" have been formed in Seattle to follow policemen around and write down the badge numbers of those who go in for brutality, especially toward Negroes. The police have been instructed to go about their work as usual and the patrols have orders not to interfere. It is expected that any infraction will be submitted to a police review board.

● The announcement by U.S. Education Commissar Francis Keppel that what the country needs is a complex system of national testing to evaluate educational achievement provoked comments from some quarters that what the country *really* needs is a good five-cent bureaucrat.

● Mario Savio (there's a name for the balladeers—take it away, Bob Dylan) made another great stand in Berkeley Municipal Court by choosing to go to jail for 120 days rather than accept the judge's terms of probation, which were simply that Savio and the 772 students he helped lead in a mass sit-in last December should desist from unlawful demonstrations for up to two years. Anything but that, cried Savio Indignatio; and so, with 51 loyal followers, was led away dreaming on police brutality in Vietnam, and a million other local free-speech issues, that will soon bring them all limply together again.

● The UN's invasion of South Africa will cost $94,537,000. It will involve a ground force of 93,000 men, 140 ships, and 500 planes. It should be completed, if all goes well, within thirty days, but it will cost between 19,000 and 38,000 casualties. These estimates are contained in a recently published report entitled "Apartheid and United Nations Collective Measures" which was distributed to UN delegations and officials. It was financed, researched, and written by the Carnegie Endowment for International Peace.

● Scoop Pearson Drews It Again: On July 26, he reported: "In one of the few such cases in history, a lawyer turned down an appointment to the U.S. Supreme Court. He is Abe Fortas. . . ."

● From a *New York Times* article on the New Morality: "The earnest young man looked up from the conference table and asked: 'Whom do we go to to find the answers? With conditions as they are today, who is to say any more what is right and what is wrong?' " It wasn't that way when Eleanor was with us.

● The Job Corps' recruitment procedures might need refining, but it could hardly be choosier about its rejects. Failing applicants do not *fail,* we are reliably informed: they are "Selected Out."

Let Not the Right Hand . . .

See if *you* can figure this one out:

At his intensely focused press conference, July 28, the President spent the first part of his prepared remarks explaining why we must resist and defeat Communism in Southeast Asia.

In his last sentence, the President announced his appointment of Abe Fortas to the Supreme Court.

Among the items from the Fortas biography that

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MAGAZINE CLAIMS NOW IS BEST TIME FOR ITS SUBSCRIBERS TO HELP

National Review Asks Readers to "Do Your Part Today" in November Election Drive

FULL DETAILS REVEALED

One-Time-Only Offer Will Not Be Repeated, Publisher Insists after Secret Conference

By ROBERT M. PATRICK
(Our Special Correspondent)

NEW YORK CITY, Monday—*National Review* today unveiled a bold new subscription drive which it hopes will push paid circulation over the 100,000-mark.

The Right-wing journal, called "the Conservative Bible" by many Liberal observers, is seeking to greatly expand its readership now, while the red-hot New York City Mayoralty drive is in full swing.

The magazine's editor, Wm. F. Buckley Jr., is a candidate on the Conservative Party ticket.

"We can't imagine a better time to be reading *National Review*," Publisher William A. Rusher was quoted as saying at a top-secret meeting held early today. "We are betting heavily on the proposition that our readers—well-known for their loyalty—feel just as we do," Rusher added.

Plan Very Simple

Details of the plan are extremely simple. "Obviously," Rusher says, "the way to increase readership is to keep all the readers you have, and then add a lot of new ones quickly. We are prepared to do that, even if it means a profit."

"We intend, as things now stand, to put an ad in *National Review*, telling our readers all this," Rusher claimed. "We'll also try, if possible, to insert a handy reply card facing the ad—our readers do a lot for us, you know, and we don't like to make them do any more than necessary. We'll make it convenient, you can count on that. You can quote that."

According to Rusher, there are only two parts to the plan:

1) Any current subscriber who renews his own subscription now—no matter when it expires—for a full year at the regular $9.00 rate, will be permitted to give a full-year gift subscription for just $5.00 to any friend of his choice. (Rusher was asked if relatives would qualify: after some hesitation, he answered "Why not?")
2) The same subscriber may give as many additional gift subscriptions as he wishes at the same low rate of just $5.00 for a full year.

"It's by far the lowest rate we've ever offered," Rusher charged, "and we do it only because there's never been a better time to be reading our product.

"This New York City story is surely going to be one of the hottest political stories in years. Everybody knows that. Well, who can do a better job of covering it than *National Review?* Nobody. We want to share that inside story with our friends, and their friends."

Won't Repeat Offer

He concluded: "We'll make this offer just once. It will expire at midnight, August 31. That will make it possible for us to give our new readers *all* the color and hoopla of the campaign, from the post-Labor Day kick-off right through the election."

When asked for comment on the new plan, Editor Buckley said: "I wish I had $5.00 for every friend I have."

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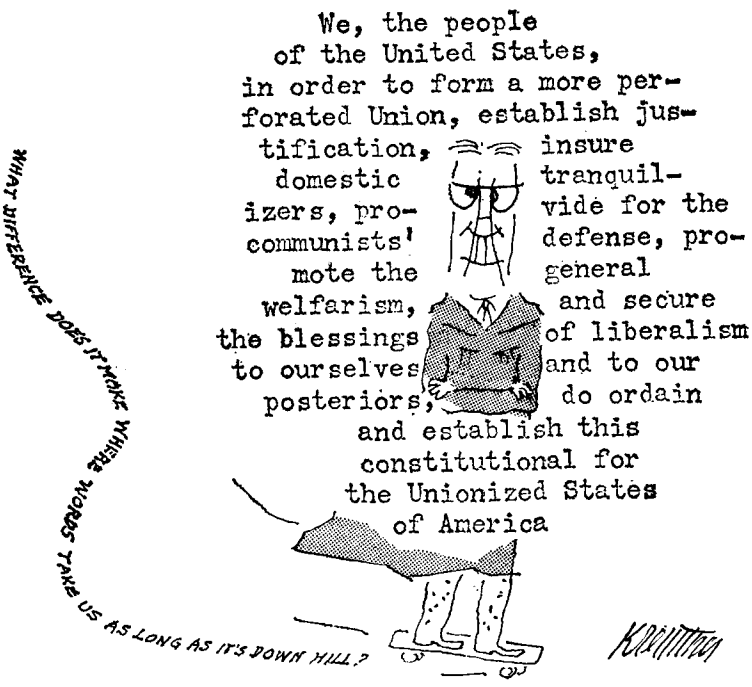
We, the people
of the United States,
in order to form a more perforated Union, establish justification, insure
domestic tranquilizers, provide for the
communists' defense, promote the general
welfarism, and secure
the blessings of liberalism
to ourselves and to our
posteriors, do ordain
and establish this
constitutional for
the Unionized States
of America
WHAT DIFFERENCE DOES IT MAKE WHERE HORSES TAKE US AS LONG AS IT'S DOWN HILL?

"Any similarity between Eighteenth-Century Archaic and Warrenese Skateboard is strictly for the birds and is not to be used in any way as a deterrent to repeal of 14(b)!"

will *not* be found in *Who's Who,* we shall cite, for the benefit of historians of the future, the following: In 1941 Fortas was a member of the Washington Committee for Democratic Action, cited by two Attorneys General as a Communist front. In 1946 Fortas was a sponsor of a fund-raising dinner for the Southern Conference for Human Welfare, cited by HUAC as a Communist front. For several years during that period he specialized in representing disloyalty suspects. In the most publicized case of this kind, he acted as attorney for Owen Lattimore, at Senate hearings as well as in court; and he aided Lattimore in writing his smearful apologia, *Ordeal by Slander.*

When Freda Utley and Louis Budenz were explaining Communist infiltration in government as well as in civil life, Fortas took an active hand in impugning their credibility. When a book dealing with the involved Communist turn- and counter-turncoat, Harvey Matusow, was being prepared for publication, the manuscript was checked at Fortas' law offices; it was taken there by its author, Albert Kahn, identified under oath and by conduct as a Communist Party member. Fortas' partner, Paul Porter, was one of the Joseph Rauh-Albert Friendly clique that financed the confidence man, Paul Hughes, who claimed to be giving them secret information about Joe McCarthy gained by a fictitious underground employment on McCarthy's staff.

An unimpeachable record, Your Honor?

Public Opinion and Vietnam

Until the last couple of weeks the doves, appeasers, revolutionaries and nihilists had the publicity field pretty much to themselves in the Vietnam affair. They organized all, or almost all, the teach-ins; they did the picketing and hogged the TV mikes; and under a variety of Ad Hoc Committee names, they have been publishing the display newspaper ads that are a traditional part of our method of political debate.

This polluted stream flows on, and will continue. There is nothing much to constrain it, indeed, in the moral geography of a society so besotted with a suicidal ideology that no authoritative voice is raised to denounce, much less to take action against, even the deliberately provocative calls to refuse military service, sabotage military transport and—as several groups have called for—to send aid to Ho Chi Minh.

But recently the other camp has begun to be heard from. Here and there pickets have appeared commending firmness in Vietnam, and some ads, at first by informal groups of individuals, then a few that give themselves a name ("The Student Ad Hoc Committee to Support the President's Policy in Vietnam," "The People's Emergency Committee to Defend Freedom Against Communist Aggression," "The July 4th Movement," for example). Finally, last week, came a fresh series of public ads—this time sponsored by Freedom House—that indicated substantial backing.

There is in this public opinion evolution—symbolic accompaniment to the evolving Vietnam drama—much food for meditation. It is natural that the expression of views supporting firm action should have lagged behind those against it: since in point of fact firm action was being taken, and under conditions of reasonable free speech, it always seems more urgent to oppose than to approve what is actually going on. But for some time there had been tentative efforts by a number of reasonably well-known citizens, members of Congress among them, with generally anti-Communist principles—mostly Liberal in tendency, though including also some conservatives—to get some sort of "pro" Committee going on a broad "united front" basis. It was the intention of most of these citizens to give public expression of support for a firm policy of resisting Communist advance in Southeast Asia, to commend the President for pursuing such a policy, and to urge him to continue to pursue it: not implying, however, support of the President in *whatever* might be his policy in the future; not, in other words, writing him a blank check.

No committee of this sort has succeeded in getting off the ground. And somehow, at takeoff time the

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Focus on WASHINGTON

Republicans on the Hill are privately pessimistic about the 1966 congressional elections, despite the usual tendency of opposition parties to gain in off-years. Current dismal prediction: fifteen additional Democrats in the House in '66 despite expected Republican gains in the South. There's plenty of disarray and division in the Republican ranks but the GOP's major problem is LBJ. LBJ has the once scrapping Democrats in such control that when he whistles, they jump. What's more, the President is going to prodigious lengths to insure the re-election of freshmen Liberals who ousted Republicans in last year's blitz and is even building organizations in some of the marginal districts the GOP managed to hang on to.

◆ Printed speculation that John Tower (R., Tex.) is nervously contemplating a shift to the Democratic Party for re-election purposes can safely be classified as nonsense. To the contrary, his Washington office is elated over recent Texas polls that show the Senator solidly ahead of any possible Democratic opponent except Governor John Connally (who now seems inclined to run for re-election rather than shoot for the Senate). Last November, Tower's popularity was at an all-time low following his summer of politicking for Barry Goldwater. Since then, Tower has hit hard on state issues such as conservation and has won approval from the Texas press for his outspoken support of President Johnson's foreign policy. Latest sounding of the authoritative Belden Poll indicates the strategy has paid off: 46 per cent now favor Tower's re-election, with 25 per cent still undecided.

◆ Nelson Rockefeller has also taken steps to appease the folks back home (who have been rumbling for some time now). Rocky's surprise dropout from the 1968 Presidential race at the Governor's Conference last week is being widely interpreted as a move to shore up his sagging chances for a third term next year. The Governor's veto of a bill to establish a statewide primary in New York, coupled with his willingness to permit Senator Jacob Javits to be New York's favorite son at the 1968 convention, will serve to head off a possible Javits-led bid to deny Rocky the renomination. No one, of course, on the Hill is taking seriously Rockefeller's withdrawal from the Presidential sweepstakes. Should he make a good showing in next year's election, he could be "persuaded," for the good of the Party to be sure, to re-enter the Big Race.

◆ As Senator Dirksen's reapportionment amendment continues to sink amid its own contradictions, the likelihood increases that the first nationwide constitutional convention in history may be called. Under Article V of the Constitution, two-thirds of the state legislatures may, via petition, force Congress to call a convention to amend the Constitution subject to the approval of three-fourths of the state legislatures. This neglected procedure takes the amending process almost wholly out of the hands of Congress—a distinct necessity in the case of the Liberal 89th. So far, the efforts of the non-partisan National Legislative Conference and the affiliated National Commission on Constitutional Government have secured support of 28 of the 34 states needed to force the convention. Such an assemblage could be dynamite for the Warren Court, since there is no legal limit on the number, or subject, of amendments that the convention may consider.

◆ Another first time ever: a resolution Congressman John Buchanan (R., Ala.) has introduced to the floor of the House asking Congress to "reaffirm" its support of the Tenth Amendment ("The Powers not delegated to the United States by the Constitution, nor prohibited by it to the States are reserved to the States respectively, or to the people"). Not much chance this will slide through the Great Society, but it's certainly worth reminding Congress that if it hasn't taken the Tenth seriously, maybe it should. **—CATO**

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brake seemed to be applied by the White House itself, through the members of Congress concerned, or other individuals linked into official conduits. The President, in short, has not wanted any such committee; has not, quite evidently, wanted *any* "pro" committee until these most recent weeks. (Self-evidently, a single word from him would have breathed immediate life into a supporting public demonstration.) A movement of public support, he must have figured, might have tended to commit him further than he wished to feel himself committed.

In the Freedom House ads there is reproduced a letter from Lyndon Johnson ("I am grateful for the position stated in your Credo of Support . . ."). The ad, presumably, is the adjunct of the further step the President is now taking in the conflict. It is headed, significantly, "The Silent Center Must Speak Up!" Its rather bland and mushy text is precisely the blank check that this President invariably wants. There is ample reason to believe that the impetus, and perhaps the financial backing, for this Freedom House endeavor have their origin in the White House. The more modest prelude of the July 4th Committee would also seem to have a Washington source.

These semi-official operations may be welcomed as proof of a deepened Administration commitment and seriousness. They are disturbing as exercises in the manipulation of opinion by the central power. It is spooky to know that "public" protest movements often do or don't exist depending on whether the Government of the United States does or doesn't approve of them. Still, the center has been silent, and now maybe it will wake.

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Close to His Vest

The words the President used about Vietnam in his press conference of July 28 were anti-climatic. After so imposing a buildup, what was left unsaid is the heart of the matter. He announced an increase in forces, but only to 125,000 rather than the much higher figures that had been rumored. There will be large monthly draft calls, but he will not call up the reserves as nearly everyone had predicted. He said nothing new about the aims of our policy —though, perhaps significantly, this time he put first the determination to resist Communist advance. He did not mention the Russian presence in the form of the ground-to-air missiles; the only governments he singled out to condemn were the North Vietnamese and Chinese. He said nothing about any change of tactics or strategy.

If no more than this was decided, that week of super-conferences was time badly wasted. It is hard to believe this was all. Mr. Johnson has shown often enough how close to his vest he plays his cards, and in war—for it is of course war—it is usually the right way to play them. There is probably no point in telling the Communists in words, in advance, what he has ordered done to them. But he will have to let them know, soon, by acts. The fundamental strategic issue considered at those conferences was not, in truth, the number of our troops needed in South Vietnam: that is an auxiliary and dependent decision. At this stage—and this stage was entered some time ago—the issue is whether to direct the air strikes to entirely new categories of targets in North Vietnam: to the major missile sites ringing Hanoi and Haiphong, thence to the docks, factories, oil depots and other economic installations of the Hanoi-Haiphong-Red River region, and to enforcement of a naval blockade against North Vietnam. On this issue the dispatches from the front, not press conferences, will give the unambiguous answer, if the answer has yet been made. And if it has not been, it will soon have to be if the President means what he did say about resisting Communist advances.

The Bitter Pen of Arthur M.

As the third and final summer installment of Arthur M. Schlesinger's *A Thousand Days* leafs to its glossy close in *Life,* the air is thick with familiar ritual odors. Redolent of burnt offerings to begin with, Mr. Schlesinger's prose soon gave forth stronger whiffs of rotten egg and sour grape. It is now clear to anyone who expected a dispassionate account of Kennedy in office that Schlesinger is mainly interested in reporting not what Kennedy thought, but what Schlesinger thinks. And what Schlesinger thinks is a matter of urgency: let's have no truck with decent intervals—write while the irony is hot.

And so Mr. Johnson, who in effect dismissed Mr. Schlesinger from government service, is portrayed as an abject hungerer after the throne, a man who says "with great and mournful emotion, 'I want to be Vice President'" even though no one wanted him to be. No, Mr. Schlesinger does not like Mr. Johnson. He does not like the CIA either, or the Joint Chiefs of Staff, who pushed Jack into that bloody mess at the Bay of Pigs while wiser men were helpless (". . . I shrank into a chair at the far end of the table and listened in silence"). But most of all he hates the State Department—it is 1) overbureaucratized, 2) emasculated (imagine!) by McCarthyism, 3) stuck in the mud and 4) illiterate. And he hates its boss, Dean Rusk.

It is impossible to mistake for critical analysis the load of personal venom that Schlesinger pours into his notes on Rusk. Rusk's mind, writes Schlesinger, "was irrevocably conventional. . . . He seemed [not, note, seems; in discussing the present Secretary of State, Schlesinger invariably uses the past tense] actually to prefer stale to fresh ways of saying things. . . . At times one wondered whether the harshness of life—the seething planet of revolutionary violence, ferocity and hate, shadowed by nuclear holocaust—ever penetrated the screen of clichés, ever shook that imperturbable blandness." What gets deepest under Schlesinger's skin, however, is Rusk's unassertiveness, his sitting "calmly by, with his Buddhalike face and his half-smile, often leaving it to Bundy or to the President himself to assert the diplomatic interest. He rarely seemed to have strong views as to what should be done beyond continuing what we were already doing, and he rarely argued a position. . . . One of those who had strongly backed Rusk's appointment later explained his endorsement by citing the words of a preacher caught in bed with a choir singer: 'If I'd of known before I done it what I knew after I done it I wouldn't of done it.'"

Is it merely the difference between CIA and State that makes Schlesinger applaud in John McCone—"rigid Cold Warrior" McCone—what he despises in the Liberal Rusk, that causes him to render the reverse verdict that "McCone turned out to be a cautious, realistic and self-effacing head of CIA. Declining to allow his own views to prejudice intelligence estimates, he showed a fair-mindedness which shamed some of us who had objected to his appointment." We permit ourselves a half-smile as, Buddhalike, we ponder that question, and the re-

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lated one—he never lets on—of whom Schlesinger would have preferred, as Secretary of State, to Rusk?

It Hurts Right Here, Doctor

It took the *Wall Street Journal* five thousand words merely to summarize the main points in the new medicare bill. One thing is sure: the medical profession is going to be royally complicated up by this massive entrance of the Federal Government into the insurance business.

And there are strange things going on. The compulsory part of the medical-aid bill gives no help at all to elderly people who are flat broke. They have to have a little dough in order to start the thing working. If they have only forty bucks, then they can get inside the hospital; but if they need surgery the Federal Government will refuse to pay the anaesthesiologist. Presumably the old folks will take their surgery awake; or the anaesthesiologists will contribute their services. No one knows.

The payroll tax is going to go up and we mean up. Within a few years the social activities of the Federal Government will take more than 10 per cent of the average national payroll—that's off the top of the pile, too, you know: no deductions or exemptions. Where all the money will come from and go to, nobody seems to know for sure. Doctors will be included for the first time: that'll bring about $60 million in social security revenues to Washington. But the benefits are being raised: that'll take away several billion. The old folks, whom the new law is designed to pleasure, are going to be socked with $170 million of additional income taxes because they'll be subject to the 3 per cent "floor" on medical expenses, same as the rest of us. That'll be partly offset by a couple dozen million they'll get extra in social security payments because the amount they can earn on the side without being docked will be raised. On the other hand, the full amount of medical insurance premiums will be deductible without regard to the 3 per cent floor, and that'll offset the offset by $73 million. . . .

You see how complicated things are going to be? But it couldn't be any other way. People are so various, and disease and treatment are so unpredictable, that any law that would presume to set benchmarks for a nation of 200 million people is bound to be either so vague as to be useless or so detailed as to be beyond comprehension. One thing sure, the whole business will cost much more than the $6.5 billion we're being told about this year. Before long everyone in the country can go to the doctor's office, point to the wallet, and say It Hurts Right Here. That is, if the doctors haven't gone to some free country by then.

IRS: Please Note!

Some time ago, as we reported (April 20, 1965), the Internal Revenue Service invited us to go through its list of 60,000-odd tax-exempt organizations and foundations and please to bring to their attention any group whose tax-exempt status appeared questionable. (In a previous issue, we discussed the Louis M. Rabinowitz Fund.)

As it happens, we have come across another one: it's Protestants and Other Americans United for Separation of Church and State (POAU), some of whose recent shenanigans have been brought to our attention by a Mr. Robert Woodman, of Wickliffe, Ohio. Mr. Woodman is a Catholic, the father of eight children, and a member of Citizens for Educational Freedom (CEF)—a non-tax-exempt organization. Two years ago CEF supported an amendment to the Wickliffe town charter that would have authorized the city council to pay $50 a year, for each school child in the town, to the school that child attended, be it public or private.

Well, along came old buttinski POAU and placed an ad in the local paper calling on the good citizens

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of Wickliffe to vote down the amendment, which they subsequently did. Mr. Woodman points out that he doesn't challenge the right of POAU to oppose anything it wants to on this entire green earth, but that in doing so POAU was clearly contravening Internal Revenue regulations that forbid tax-exempt organizations from engaging in political activity. Mr. Woodman asks what else POAU was doing in its ad in the *Leader*, if not trying to influence voters in a local referendum? What makes him mad, as he wrote us, is that by giving POAU a tax exemption the government is "helping my opponent whack me with my own tax dollars."

Mr. Woodman, a thorough soul, procured a copy of POAU's Tax Exempt Organization Form (990-A) for the year 1963—the year POAU took its stand in Wickliffe—and noted that its Treasurer, Mr. Harold C. Fitz, had answered Question 13: "Have you during the year either advocated or opposed (including the publishing or distributing of statements) any legislation, national, state, or local?"—with a "no."

Having pulled together the necessary documentation, Mr. Woodman, on April 21, 1964, confided to the Commissioner of Internal Revenue, in Washington, D.C., his feelings about POAU, its tax exemption and the sloppy way it was filling out its forms —and you know what happened?

Nothing.

As We Live and Breathe!

Upon the death of one of the members of the San Rafael (California) Board of Education, the City Council undertook to canvass public sentiment on the matter of a successor. Prominent among those who sought the job was Mrs. Anita Strom. But Mrs. Strom was Controversial. She was opposed by several groups and several people, including Rabbi Morton Hoffman of Congregation Rodef Sholom, who wrote the Council: "Mrs. Strom, by her past record, is clearly identified with those forces of the extreme right who would indulge in witch hunting among school personnel, book burning, curriculum censorship, and other authoritarian practices."

Mrs. Strom wrote to the Rabbi and went to see him. After meditating on the facts she brought to his attention, the Rabbi addressed a second letter to the City Council:

"I have been deeply moved by Mrs. Strom's response to my letter opposing her candidacy for the school board. I have been touched by the genuine hurt she has suffered. I have, in consequence, searched my heart and feel that I am in need of practicing something that I not infrequently preach about, namely repentance.

"Whatever strong original feelings I had against Mrs. Strom's candidacy are now for me completely beside the point. They are overshadowed by the fact that I was, to my present great regret, carried away by emotions against extremism which were ripening within me just at this time. This resulted in my own letter doing the very thing that I thought I was against, namely going to an extreme. I turned out in fact to be doing a disservice to the cause of moderation.

"In the name of fairness and in the desire to be of continued service to the cause of moderation, I willingly retract my letter. I now know how much my words hurt Mrs. Strom and I am pained by the thought that I was so unkind to a fellow human being."

Mrs. Strom was elected to the Board of Education. Rabbi Hoffman is our candidate for hero of the year.

Benjamin Gitlow, R I P

Benjamin Gitlow, the former Communist leader who died two weeks ago at the age of 75, was a man of another and almost forgotten generation of American radicals. He and his like came out of the left wing of the old Socialist Party in the days, just before the First World War, when it was bustling with life. This left wing became Communist after the Russian Revolution, and then Gitlow emerged as one of its most glamorous leaders, not much of a thinker perhaps, but unrivalled as a mass agitator. Devoted to world revolution, he yet was, at bottom, his own man never the slave of Moscow; and so it was inevitable that he should come into bitter conflict with Stalin when the latter, in 1928, began his furious campaign to "Stalinize" the Communist movement. Once outside the Party, Ben Gitlow became his implacable foe, and did good service helping government agencies fight the inner enemy. Despite growing conservative interest, he never could find a real place for himself in the world. He remained fundamentally an honest if altogether naive radical; and for such there is no place in this corrupt age. May God receive him and grant him the peace he could not find in life.

W. H

Notes and Asides

In the issue of June 1, 1965 William Buckley announced that he was suing the *New York Post*, the *New York Herald Tribune*, and Artie Shaw, for libel and slander. The *New York Herald Tribune* has since that time apologized for the misunderstandings that resulted from its news story, and published (in its issue of Wednesday, July 7) an

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extensive analysis of the misrepresentations in their news story, prepared by Mr. Buckley. In return, Mr. Buckley has given the *Tribune* a general release.

A note to librarians and antiquarians and historians: Please do not ask why (it should not have happened, though there was a *reason* why it happened), but there are two Vol. XVII, #26 NATIONAL REVIEW Magazines, and two Vol. XVII, #27 Bulletins—no *NR* Magazine #28 (it picks up again at #30), and no *NR* Bulletin #29 (it picks up at #31). Dreadfully sorry.

On the Right

Men May Come, and Men May Go

WM. F. BUCKLEY JR.

One tends to forget the hideousness of bureaucracy until one runs into it. It is a dreadful disease, that turns sweet-natured men into monsters, who once they are set in their bureaucratic ways, no longer appear capable of distinguishing between a special request for low-numbered license plates, and a special request for some particular attention in order to save a man from the electric chair.

Buckley

I exaggerate? "Dear Governor Scranton," I wrote a few weeks ago to the elected protector of the sovereign people of Pennsylvania, "I must ask for help on a life-and-death matter." Very briefly stated, the problem I addressed him on has to do with a man condemned to death, whose execution date has been set for August 24. There are some people, myself included, who having studied closely the details of the case are persuaded at the least that he has not been proved guilty beyond a reasonable doubt; at the most, that he is entirely innocent.

Another Party Guilty?

So convinced of his innocence is a private investigator who became associated with the case eight years ago when the trial took place, that he has continued, without a penny's remuneration (the prisoner is impoverished), to work on the case. He came up recently with a hypothesis pointing to another party as possibly guilty. But to run down the lead it was necessary to get the help of Pennsylvania police to go over their records of unsolved murders of 1935, looking for a particular kind of murder the details of which correspond with the murder of the person for whom the prisoner is scheduled to die next month. I sent the Governor a long letter, carefully describing the situation, and attached an article describing in detail the crime for which the condemned man has been convicted.

The reply came not from the Governor, but from the Commissioner of Police, three sentences to the effect that the rules of the Pennsylvania police are that "requests from non-police agencies, such as yours, cannot be granted." "We are confident," the Commissioner closed, that "you understand our position in this matter."

The Commissioner was overconfident by far, and I wrote again to Governor Scranton: "The only acknowledgement I had of [my letter] was a letter from Commissioner Purdy advising me that the convention in Pennsylvania is against permitting such a thing as I asked you to permit. I did not need to be told that this was the convention. I wrote you precisely because I knew it *was* the convention, wrote to ask that under the special circumstances of a man condemned to die when there is a shadow of a doubt as to his guilt, you use your authority to waive that convention."

I heard back, this time from the Governor's secretary, the first half of whose letter was devoted to expressing great sorrow and regret that the preceding letter from the Police Commissioner had mistakenly cited my own original letter as having been dated May 28, whereas in fact it was dated May 21—an error that obviously caused terrible consternation in Harrisburg. As for the matter of the condemned man: "We can only reiterate what Commissioner Purdy has previously stated in his recent letter"; whereupon the secretary repeated Commissioner Purdy's irrelevant sentence.

Scranton Begs Question

The Greek logicians isolated a fallacy that has come to be known as *ignoratio elenchi*. It is the fallacy of supposing that an argument is refuted—or proved—by proving—or refuting—an unrelated argument. I wrote to Governor Scranton not to ask what the going procedure in Pennsylvania is: it was because I knew that was the going procedure, that I wrote him. He replied by telling me what the going procedure is. Bureaucracy is a law unto itself, and in the bureaucratic mind, as all know who have read George Orwell, bureaucratic requirements tend to define the truth. Governor Scranton (who in the past has addressed me as "Dear Bill") should, as a graduate of a ranking educational institution, have preserved at least such rigor of thought as to have answered. "Dear Bill: Far better that an innocent man should die, than that the regulations governing the sacred archives of Pennsylvania should be violated by pagan eyes." At least he'd have given a *reason*.

Those rebellious spirits who are ignorant of the hieratic orders and rites of the bureaucracy might have disagreed with the value preference of the Governor, but at least they would know that the man condemned to die, will not have died in vain.

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The Third World War

Nobody But Us Agrarians

JAMES BURNHAM

A Hong Kong dispatch in the *New York Herald Tribune* (July 25) describes an American-manned cadre now "working in Peking to promote Communist China's ideological line against the U.S." Dean of the apparat is 79-year-old Anna Louise Strong, whose "most recent exploit for Red China was a trip to Hanoi in June as leader of the American delegation to an anti-American solidarity conference. . . . While she was in Hanoi Mrs. Strong delivered an English-language broadcast for American soldiers and Marines in South Vietnam." Also on the delegation to Hanoi was Frank Coe, who now "lives in Peking, and writes often for Chinese Communist publications." Among other active members of this Peking set the dispatch lists Israel Epstein.

Burnham

The three names rang a nostalgic bell, as if I were immersed once again in the sea of transcripts and documents out of which I distilled *The Web of Subversion*. How often those names sailed by!

Anna Louise Strong is the veteran Communist who from Moscow, for many years, edited the English-language propaganda magazine, *Soviet Russia Today*. In 1949 she left, or was expelled from, the Soviet Union, and shifted to Red China. But she had not been neglected in the land of her birth. Many a respectable magazine — *Atlantic Monthly* prominent among them — printed her articles. She was an honored source for the Foreign Policy Association. Under Owen Lattimore's editorial direction, she was a featured writer for the Institute of Pacific Relation's quarterly, *Pacific Affairs*.

Israel Epstein first appeared on the public horizon when, in the guise of correspondent for a Sydney, Australia, newspaper, he joined the lively band of journalists that gathered in China in the early 1940s. Soon he moved to the Washington-New York theater. He too found a welcome at IPR headquarters, in the Far Eastern section of State and at Treasury. The columns of *Pacific Affairs* and its sister-publication, *Far Eastern Survey*, were open to his message. He joined sociably in the Crush Chiang fronts: China Aid Council, Committee for a Democratic Far Eastern Policy, Friends of Chinese Democracy. IPR Secretary Edward C. Carter was so delighted with Epstein's book, *The Unfinished Revolution in China* (a professional rendering of the Comintern line) that he volunteered (to the publishers, Little Brown & Co.— publishers also of *Atlantic Monthly*) his PR services to help "devise some means of getting it read at an early date" among others by Secretary of State George Marshall, Senators Vandenberg, Morse and Ives, John Foster Dulles and John Carter Vincent. (By a happy coincidence, Owen Lattimore reviewed it for the *New York Times*.)

Morgenthau's Merry Men

Frank Coe's success story is still juicier, in the neo-American mode. Born in Richmond, Frank leapt quickly, after a 1935-39 tour at the University of Toronto, to a top rung of Henry Morgenthau Jr.'s Treasury Department staff. He was deputy, then successor, to Harry Dexter White ("a Russian spy [who] smuggled secret documents to Russian agents," said Herbert Brownell in 1953) as chief of the Bureau of Monetary Research. White and Coe, when the U.S. entered the war, were assigned "full responsibility for all matters with which the Treasury Department has to deal having a bearing on foreign relations" (*Morgenthau Diaries*, Dec. 12, 1941). He took an active hand too, after hours, in IPR affairs. As early as 1939 Whittaker Chambers, in his interview with Adolf Berle, had identified Coe as a member of the Silvermaster espionage ring. In 1945 Elizabeth Bentley confirmed and elaborated the identification. Coe's upward journey was unruffled. He had a field day in the German occupation. Harry White took him to Bretton Woods; and when the International Monetary Fund was set up, there was White as U.S. Director and Frank Coe as Administrative Secretary. The IMF accepted his denial, before HUAC in 1948, of all knowing evil; but by 1952 a lot of evidence had flowed through the stenotypes. Before the Senate's Internal Security Subcommittee, Coe took the Fifth, and was subsequently separated from official life. Then, last year, he turned up in Peking, where he was greeted by his old Treasury comrade, Sol Adler, another of Morgenthau's merry men.

Care and Feeding of Traitors

The point, though, is this. In the years from 1948 on, when the facts about this traitorous scum were being painstakingly dug out, the great press and leading publicists said nary a word against any of them. The established emotions were channeled into the torrent of wrath against HUAC and the Internal Security Subcommittee, against witch hunts and McCarranism and McCarthyism. IPR had been principally financed by the Rockefeller and Carnegie Foundations, Chase and National City banks, IBM, ITT, Pam Am and Lever Bros., plus personal contributions from, for example, Juan Trippe, Henry Luce and Arthur H. Dean. Although mountains of evidence proved how IPR had been a broth in which Israel Epstein, Anna Louise Strong, Frank Coe and scores more such bacilli were nourished, proved that (in the Subcommittee's words) "The IPR was a vehicle used by the Communists to orientate American Far Eastern policies toward Communist objectives," not a one of these persons, not an official of these foundations and corporations, ever stood up in public to repudiate his own ignorance and imprudence. I suppose it's some improvement that today Mao at least has to meet his own payroll for this particular set of hirelings.

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Reapportionment Comes to Connecticut

Connecticut's historic House of Representatives (on which the U.S. Senate is modeled) is about to go the Warren-way. Only an embattled people can save it now

EDWARD J. BELL

Connecticut is called the Constitution State. Its famous House of Representatives, which has existed in more or less the same form since the Fundamental Orders were instituted by its dissenting founders in 1638, provides for "unit representation"—representation by locality and not by population. It is the towns of Connecticut, large and small, which are represented in the state's upper House, usually by two seats each (Connecticut's Senate is regarded as the lower chamber). A similar arrangement was adopted by the Founding Fathers when they made provision for the U.S. Senate in order to accommodate the smaller states and that arrangement was quite naturally called the Connecticut Compromise.

House Doomed?

And now, after more than three centuries of life, is the Connecticut House of Representatives doomed? Is that the effect of the 1964 Supreme Court ruling that state legislative seats must be apportioned on the basis of population? It seems unjust that this ancient House, whose political roots are deep in the tradition of borough representation in the British House of Commons, should be found to be illegal on the basis of an act it helped to ratify—the Fourteenth Amendment.

The response to the redistricting order has been mild, with none of the outrage that followed the 1954 integration decision in the South, or even the brief but violent reaction in all sections of the country to the 1962 school prayer ruling. But there has been a widespread feeling of sadness, almost of bereavement, that cuts across ideological and ethnic lines.

Most disconsolate, of course, have been the villages and the communities which the old system has clearly favored. I heard of one man who thanked God on the occasion of a minor road appropriation made by the 1964 General Assembly. Asked about his fervor in such a routine matter, he said, "After reapportionment they'll never pay any attention to us again."

Rural Reps To Lose Power

He was exaggerating. Candidates for governor will always need small-town and farm votes in a statewide election, and will accordingly make—and make good on—promises in order to win such votes. But, with the reconstitution of the House, the days will be gone when rural representatives have an absolute veto over the programs of the dominant cities and the considerable bargaining power that goes with such a veto.

Less interested voices have been raised in regret. The Liberal *Hartford Courant* and its widely respected political writer Jack Zaiman have spoken up. Zaiman, who initiated the lawsuit which led to the reapportionment of Connecticut's six U.S. congressional districts and to the abolition of the At-Large congressional district, has very different feelings about the extension of court intervention to the local level. "We're all very sorry," he says of the House of Representatives, "to see it go." Like the man who rejoiced at the minor road appropriation, he sees hard times ahead for rural areas. Even Governor John Dempsey, a popular Liberal Democrat who joined almost all other Democratic office-holders in hailing the Supreme Court decision, paid his respects to the old system. "This honored institution," he said, in what may have been the final joint session of the traditionally constituted General Assembly, "has served Connecticut well." He called its demise the "end of an era."

The reaction of one group, however, has involved more than nostalgia. The Connecticut Republican Citizens Committee, formed in 1963 as the first local response to Dwight Eisenhower's widely heralded call for a nationwide network of local cells to increase "citizen participation," was manned by conservatives from the start. Its executive director is former State Senator John Mather Lupton, a silver-haired, ruggedly handsome ex-advertising man who ran unsuccessfully for the gubernatorial nomination in 1962 failing to win the 20 per cent of the convention votes required to force a primary) and who was given the nomination for Congressman-at-Large as a sort of consolation prize. Lupton made the most of this opportunity by conducting a lively, attractive campaign; but he was pulled down to defeat by a lackluster state ticket headed by Modern Republican John Alsop, brother of the columnists (in Connecticut, split-ticket voting is rendered difficult by the cumbersome, antiquated "party lever" system). But Lupton's statewide campaign won him friends and notice. Today, as executive director of the Citizens Committee, he is the highest-paid Republican politician in Connecticut, and among the most prominent—perhaps by default: for Connecticut is one of the five states without a single Republican office-holder above the state legislative level.

The Connecticut Resolves

Following the Supreme Court decision, Lupton and the Citizens Committee distributed an impressive document called "The Connecticut Resolves—A Reply to the Mandates of the Courts," written by John Howland Snow. Giving evidence of great constitutional and historical scholarship, the paper argues that the federal

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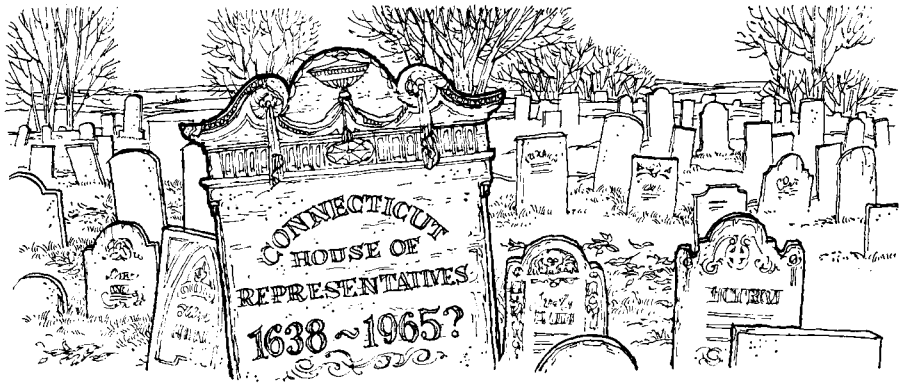
courts have no jurisdiction in the reapportionment or reconstitution of state legislative districts, and it advocates formal resistance to the reapportionment order. The paper's tone is restrained and factual, both in the resolution and the article supporting its legality.

Lupton and the Citizens Committee saw to it that every legislator in the state had a copy of the Connecticut



Resolves. The House was impressed enough to pass the Resolves by a voice vote, becoming the first state legislative body in the country formally to deny the jurisdiction of the courts. The resolution has been ignored by the Democratic-controlled Senate.

Conservatives Re-elected Pinney

Connecticut's Democrats operate largely under the instructions of State Chairman John Bailey and his lieutenants. Bailey has also been National Chairman since President Kennedy took office—and is one of the smartest and toughest practical politicians anywhere. In ten years he has completely eliminated the Republicans from statewide and even congressional office. Under Bailey the Democrats have not lost a statewide election, on any level, since 1956. It has been his policy, as National Chairman, to hail each successive Supreme Court reapportionment decision as an unalloyed blessing to the public weal, and to sit back and count the gains. His reaction to the smaller hammer-blow directed at Connecticut's House of Representatives (the last vestige of Republican power in his home state) could not have been expected to be different.

The case of Republican State Chairman A. Searle Pinney is somewhat more complex. Unlike Bailey, he is a man with elective ambitions of his own, and is reported to be casting an eye toward next year's gubernatorial campaign. Pinney was originally elected State Chairman in 1962 as the personal choice of John Alsop, who had just won the nomination for governor and, in accordance with Connecticut tradition, could designate his own man as party leader. But Alsop was defeated, and when Pinney decided to seek a second two-year term in 1964 he had a fight on his hands. His opponent was Edwin H. May Jr. of Hartford, who had served a term in Congress and had been narrowly defeated by Alsop for the 1962 nomination for Governor (which he sought while State Chairman). May is a sturdy politician with a good-sized personal following, and for a while it looked as if he might defeat Pinney.

The contest was so close, in fact, that the decision eventually hinged on the ordinarily peripheral conservative state committeemen led by Newman Marsilius, a former state senator and head of Connecticut Citizens for Goldwater. At the time Pinney was regarded as slightly more conservative than May. Accordingly, Marsilius and Pinney came to terms. Pinney ceded the Goldwater forces four of Connecticut's sixteen delegates to the Republican National Convention—a respectable showing in a state hag-ridden by the associates and partisans of William Scranton. The conservative committee votes re-elected Pinney.

An Era of Good Feeling persisted through the Goldwater campaign. Official recognition was accorded the Citizens Committee. Lupton was named the state's campaign director, and Citizens Committee Chairman Gordon W. Reed was put in charge of party fund-raising. But there were few states, even in the East, where a Goldwater campaign was so comprehensively doomed at its outset. Goldwater wound up with 32.1 per cent of the Connecticut votes.

Understandably impressed by Connecticut's rejection of Goldwater Republicanism, Pinney now decided on a remarkable adventure: to remold the state's Grand Old Party into a more Liberal party than John Bailey's Democrats. Pinney seized on the flimsiest of pretexts (an unauthorized speaking invitation to Senator George Murphy of California) to withdraw the recognition he had given to the Citizens Committee. This move alienated most of the conservatives who had provided his margin of victory as state chairman the year before. And at his urging, the Republicans in this year's General Assembly forwarded bond proposals which exceeded Governor Dempsey's requests by more than $31 million, or nearly 60 per cent in the next three years!

The astonishment was bipartisan. The *New Haven Register* granted that the "Republican desperation" following the Goldwater campaign "can, to some extent, be appreciated and understood." But "bitter experience," it said, "should have taught the GOP leaders that the way back to success at the polls never will be found on a Me-Too road. Nor can it be achieved by endeavoring to out-promise or out-spend the politically expert big spenders." In his *Hartford Courant* column, Zaiman declared Pinney's Opening to the Left to be "without parallel in the United States."

Pinney-Bailey Entente

Connecticut's reapportionment ordeal has played right into Pinney's hands. His first move was to strike up a cozy working relationship with Democratic Chairman Bailey not unlike the brilliantly executed Rockefeller-Wagner *entente cordiale* which outflanked Bobby Kennedy's agents in Albany earlier this year. Perhaps concluding that even a vestige of the traditional marriage of rural interests to the Republican Party would be fatal to his plans, Pinney agreed to a "compromise" reapportionment plan which many Republicans believe will assure Democratic control of both Connecti-

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cut Houses indefinitely. One Republican (not a conservative and not a rural resident) told me of an exchange he had with Pinney after learning of the reapportionment agreement. He asked why Pinney was not using the traditional bargaining power of the Republican-controlled House to win concessions from the Democrats. "First he told me that Bailey was threatening to give the whole problem to the computers. I told him that Bailey *couldn't* give it back to the computers, because the Democratic members of the Senate signed a pact saying that *none* of them loses his seat or else *nothing* gets through the Senate, and the computers could knock out three or four of them. Bailey was bluffing. Then he told me that the Democrats are the majority party, and it was only natural that they control the legislature 'But, Searle,' I said, 'do they have to control *both* Houses?' Finally he said that a party as much in the minority as we are doesn't *deserve* to control either House." Such a position, my informant felt, might be of interest to a political science professor, but in a political leader committed to furthering his party's interests it seemed little short of treason.

The Bailey-Pinney "compromise" was passed by both Houses of the General Assembly and signed into law by Governor Dempsey. Also passed and signed into law with bipartisan support was one of the most eccentric plans for a constitutional convention seen this side of Indonesia. It provided for twelve local conventions — one for each party in each of the six Congressional districts. Every Democratic convention was to nominate a slate of seven Democrats and every Republican convention was to nominate seven Republicans. These two slates were to "compete" for *fourteen* constitutional delegate seats in each district.

Since every candidate on the slate was assured of victory on a showing of one vote or better, the election was as hollow as the one in Poland that recently re-elected Gomulka. The Republican Citizens Committee, now formally cut off from the Republican organization, did not let this one pass without comment.

First they formed a bipartisan "Committee to Preserve Constitutional Principles" (later renamed the Committee of One Thousand) headed by Willimantic businessman Joseph Flanzer, and carrying on its masthead such prominent Citizens Committee members as James L. Buckley, State Representative William Mayer, and John Lupton. This committee promptly issued a half-page advertisement which appeared in Connecticut newspapers four days before the election. It was entitled "Invitation to a Farce," and it urged Connecticut voters to boycott the special election: "On Tuesday next [it began], the Citizens of Connecticut are cordially invited to participate in a Farce staged by the noted team of Political Impresarios, the Chairmen of the Democratic and Republican State Central Committees. A part nas been reserved for *you* in this Astonishing Parody of an Election, in which every Candidate wins, the Impresarios chuckle, and only the people can lose. Rubber stamps provided at the door."

The next step for the Committee of One Thousand and other opponents of constitutional dismemberment may be a lawsuit against the comical June 15 elections. There seem to be at least three valid grounds for such a suit: 1) the party conventions which nominated the delegate slates were not originally elected or convened with a constitutional convention in mind, and were in effect leftovers from 1964's political wars; 2) Connecticut's independents, estimated to include more than two-fifths of all registered voters, were virtually excluded from a say in the voting; and 3) the individual voter, having only seven votes for fourteen offices, was barred from a full exercise of franchise.

Voters Seem Apathetic

But time is short; the constitutional convention is already meeting in Hartford. If the lawsuit is thrown out, delayed, or dropped, Connecticut's anti-reapportionment forces will have to gear all their efforts towards a December 1965 statewide referendum which will accept or reject the recommendations of the convention. This referendum, which was scheduled to be held late in the year to give the convention as much time as possible to revamp the constitution while fulfilling a court order that the popular vote be held this year, will be the last hope for Connecticut's traditional system of government. If the Committee of One Thousand succeeds in defeating the new constitution, the way may be open for passage of the Connecticut Resolves by both Houses, or for approval of a constitutional amendment ending interference in reapportionment of state legislatures. Perhaps the most workable scheme of public opposition to the Supreme Court's decisions would be to follow the prescription given by Hamilton in *Federalist* No. 28—a massive coalition of state governments.

The politicians of California have been working to unite the various state governments on this ground. California was, of course, severely shocked by the Supreme Court decree, because the California electorate had rejected similar schemes on four

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Join Up, Join In

I used to worry over how
I'd ever save a couple thou'.
War Bonds, I tried. (In '43,
One bought them automatic'ly.)
I joined a profit-sharing firm;
Insurance-wise, I switched to "term."
Most recently, I jettisoned
My savings to a famous Fund.
Unfortunately, now I find
My *fiscal thinking's* way behind:
It doesn't matter what I've spent!
The government will pay the rent.

W. H. VON DREELE

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Special Report

The Youth Festival That Wasn't

LASZLO TAUBINGER &
STELLA MUSULIN

The overthrow of Ben Bella and the announcement a fortnight later that the Algiers-scheduled World Youth Festival would not be held this year must have come as a certain relief—unacknowledged to be sure—to the organizers of that same Festival and to the would-be hosts in Algiers. Things had not gone well at all in the preparatory stages of the massive extravaganza that would have brought 26,000 delegates from 110 countries to Algiers the end of July in what the Communist world hoped would be the biggest Hate-the-West manifestation by young people of all time. (The Festival was to have kicked off with a "Cuba Revolution Day." A "volunteer corps" of the World Federation of Democratic Youth was to have been formed. Its objective: to support revolutionary activities in Angola, Mozambique and South Africa. The culmination would have been a spectacular condemnation of the government of South Africa. As planned, a "world law court" would have summoned President Verwoerd to appear before it. Since the organizers could be sure he would refuse, he would have been tried in absentia, his apartheid policy condemned, and a dummy burned in effigy.)

But these anti-Western festivities were not to take place. Col. Boumedienne moved in. Ben Bella disappeared. And international Communism has had to enter in its debit column the $800,000 spent in preparatory work.

The story of the Festival that failed is well worth telling for the insights it throws on Communist-front operations and the problems they have to contend with. The two big fronts behind the (late) Ninth World Youth Festival were the International Union of Students (IUS) and the World Federation of Democratic Youth (WFDY). It was decided for the first time to hold a festival off the European continent precisely because this meeting was aimed at the youth of Africa and Asia. Egypt, Indonesia, Cambodia and other equally leftist African and Asian nations were to play the leading roles in the drama. This was to be a major public relations exercise targeted at the non-white delegates—above all the Africans—to convince them that Communism is right, capitalism wrong; and that the future of Africa lies with the "socialist" world.

Ben Bella was enthusiastic from the start. Nineteen sixty-five was to see his big splash internationally with both the Second Bandung Conference and the World Youth Festival scheduled in his capital. Interestingly enough, when Ben Bella fell, a number of Algerian organizers of the Festival joined him in jail. Claude Gatignon, a French Communist who headed the International Preparatory Committee (IPC) for the Festival (headquarters, 22 Avenue Lofti, Algiers), hurriedly packed his bags and left the country.

Red Chinese Harass Committee

When a big international meeting of this sort is planned by the Communist world, an International Preparatory Committee is always organized. This one was formed under an unlucky star. It was badgered from beginning to end by the Chinese Communists; Red China, for instance, had given the IPC no indication whether it would, or would not, send a delegation to Algiers up to the time the Festival was canceled. The IPC was pretty sure, though, that an official Chinese delegation would appear; that it would do its best to disrupt things and, particularly, to harass the Russians. The behavior of Chou Liang, chief Red Chinese delegate at the WFDY's executive committee meeting in Accra in April, made that only too clear. The Chinese were expected to make Vietnam their big issue and to use it as a club against Moscow as well as Washington.

Then there were troubles with the Arab countries. Both the IUS and the WFDY have a number of exiled Arab Communists in positions of authority. Nuri Abdul Razzag Hussein, for example, secretary general of the IUS, is an Iraqi Communist who has lived in Prague for years and has played an important part in the "Committee for the Liberation of the People of Iraq"—hardly a role to ingratiate him with the official delegation from Baghdad. One of his deputies, Behnam Petros, is still wanted by the Iraqi police. And Rahim Ajina, an Iraqi doctor, runs the entire Communist propaganda operation directed toward youth in the Middle East, from the WFDY Secretariat in Budapest.

Invitations went out both to official chancelleries in the Arab world and to rebel emigré groups committed to the overthrow of the very governments those chancelleries represent. Among the exile groups invited, to give you some idea, were: the Iraq Federation of Democratic Youth; the General Union of Students of Iraq; the Saudi Arabian Liberation Front; the Democratic Youth Organization of Oman; the exiled Union of Kurdish Students in Europe. Pro-Communist exile groups from a number of non-Communist and neutralist African and Asian countries, with which Algeria maintains friendly relations, also were asked. The Algerian Ministry of Foreign Affairs voiced its concern, aware that when the guests finally did arrive there would be disputes and fights that might lead to serious international complications for Algeria, but to no avail. As the time for the Festival neared, relations between Algerian officials—many of them less left-oriented than Ben Bella—and the IPC, had become frosty.

There were other complications as well.

The Appeal for the Convocation of the Ninth World Youth Festival had specified that "everyone [would] be able to express his own conviction while respecting the opinion of others." But now the would-be delegates were being asked to sign a Declaration of Cooperation with Festival authorities that many of the non-Communist youth and student groups found unacceptable. A number of these threatened to boycott the Festival unless

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From the Academy

RUSSELL KIRK

Three Cheers for the College Drop-Out!

Approximately half our high-school graduates now enroll in college, and more than one quarter of all high-school graduates obtain a college degree. That degree, from most institutions of "higher" learning, has come to mean little. Mr. John Keats, in his penetrating and witty new book *The Sheepskin Psychosis* (Lippincott), suggests that some 60 per cent of undergraduates clearly belong in no college at all. Of the remainder, many obtain only minor benefits from four years in the groves of Academe.

Kirk

Why, then, do millions of pseudo-scholars, bored and bewildered by college, bother to enroll? For snobbery's sake, in part; for fun and games, in part. But in the minds of their parents is the economic motive, and this strongly influences the students, too. "You can't get a job if you haven't been to college," they say.

Want "Normal, Average Boy"

As Mr. Keats mordantly argues, this notion is a fallacy, in considerable part. The hiring officer of one great firm told Mr. Keats that "we treat equally the application of the boy from the Bob Jones University of Dayton, Tennessee, and that of the boy from Harvard—although, as a matter of fact, we prefer to recruit from the more obscure colleges, because we are looking for the more normal average boy."

The sort of young man desired, Mr. Keats learned, was a virtual mediocrity, who would have been as useful to the company had he never attended college at all. "Once the company hired a college graduate, it would then train him for the routine job he was to hold. Asked why the company insisted on hiring college graduates if it was looking for mediocrity to press into a mold, the hiring officer said nothing about the possible virtues of a college education, and nothing about the presumable character of a college man. He merely echoed so many employers: "You can always find enough of them."

If only ten per cent of our high school graduates attended college, the great wheel of circulation would turn quite as efficiently as it does today. Modern industry and technology require chiefly skills that are learnt on the job—not the liberal imagination of the Academy. But parents and young folk have been persuaded that by some magic, a college degree will guarantee a large income and an enviable status in society.

Academic Glad-handers

Recently the dean of the College of the University of Chicago declared that infinite mischief has been done to colleges and universities by the academic glad-handers who try to enroll nearly any young person, regardless of mind and character, on the pretext that a college degree means more income. Academic empire-builders like President John Hannah of Michigan State have succeeded in bringing the mass mind to the campus: and the result is unpleasant to contemplate. Mr. Keats' book ought to convince anyone that we waste most of the money we spend upon colleges and universities —nay, that we are doing most positive harm by beguiling the unintellectual and poorly-prepared into college classrooms.

If the national economy experiences severe difficulties soon, as well it may, we will find ourselves afflicted with an "intellectual proletariat"—that is, a crowd of young people with college degrees and a thin veneer of education, but unemployable at the salaries and on the conditions to which they think themselves entitled. And an intellectual proletariat, with its resentments and half-learning, is the hotbed of ideological fanaticism.

So we ought to be happy, almost always, when someone drops out of college. He may drop out because he finds college dull, and wants a better challenge: well and good. He may drop out because his talents are technical or commercial or military, rather than academic: well and good. He may drop out because he simply isn't bright enough, and would be better content at routine work: well and good. *She* may drop out because she prefers to be wife and mother: well and good. There are many, many young people who would be better suited morally, vocationally, and even intellectually if they could somehow rid themselves of their "sheepskin psychosis."

And how our colleges and universities would benefit from this reduction in enrolments! The better colleges—the genuine ones—would not diminish noticeably, in numbers graduated. But the boondoggle-centers, the Behemoth Universities, would waste far less of the funds available for higher education, and (if enough students should drop out) would begin to shrink toward manageable size.

"The only thing I'd miss by dropping out of college is regular sexual intercourse," a Harvard student told Mr. Keats. "Actually, that is the only thing keeping me here." Just so. And one may add that the eagerness with which many students pour from the classroom to harass the college administration by "demonstrations," or to exacerbate racial relations in Alabama and Mississippi, is by no means sure evidence of the growth of "social conscience"; more commonly, it means that the student is bored stiff with what college offers him.

Fewer but Better

We need fewer students, and better; fewer instructors, and better; smaller colleges, and better. So I do applaud every decent drop-out. We would spend federal funds far better if we paid a subsidy, or terminal-leave bonus, to every young person who will agree to let college alone.

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What Did Happen in 1964?

WILLIAM A. RUSHER

The 1964 Presidential fisticuffs—both the preliminaries and the main bout—were the best-covered political event in American history, for reasons that have little to do with their intrinsic interest and importance. Most big news stories break haphazardly, and must be studied in retrospect if they are to be studied carefully at all. But the timetable of a struggle for the Presidency of the United States is largely known in advance. Moreover, the ease and speed of jet travel make it possible for a diligent reporter to be very nearly omnipresent (if not always omniscient) as the battle unfolds. The way was pioneered by Theodore White in his monumental account of the 1960 campaign, *The Making of the President 1960*. Four years later, it was inevitable that various other reporters, and some of the more articulate participants, would try their hand at similar books. In the circumstances, we should be grateful that at least one major segment of the 1964 story—the struggle for the Republican nomination—happened to be both historically significant and authentically exciting.

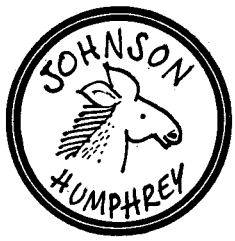
Before us today are two offerings: White's own new effort, *The Making of the President 1964* and a volume rather misleadingly entitled *What Happened to Goldwater?* by Stephen Shadegg, who managed Barry Goldwater's two senatorial campaigns and played a diminished but still substantial role in his 1964 drive as well. Shadegg does not in fact conclusively explain What Happened to Goldwater (though he has a good deal to say on the subject, much of it new and valuable); his is essentially a personal memoir, skipping lightly over terrain not immediately familiar to him and dwelling, with formidable authority, on events to which he was a witness. As to these latter—and they include many of the major developments in the Goldwater campaign of 1964, before, during and after the San Francisco convention—Shadegg is little short of definitive.

The Making of The President 1964, by Theodore H. White. Atheneum, $6.95

What Happened to Goldwater? by Stephen Shadegg. Holt, $5.95

White paints on a larger canvas. His subject is the whole sweep of American politics from the assassination of John Kennedy to the election of Lyndon Johnson, and it is hard to imagine anyone doing that vast job better. White is, first and foremost, a superb reporter; he seems to have been everywhere, interviewing key individuals and making copious notes. (Both White and Shadegg were actually in the famous Goldwater command-post trailer outside the Cow Palace at the instant Goldwater was nominated: Shadegg as Goldwater's regional director for the Far West, and White as a reporter who knew exactly where to be at that historic moment.) Moreover, White has the breadth of vision that distinguishes a serious analyst of politics from a mere reporter of events. Last but far from least, he is a writer of impressive skill.

Not even Theodore White, however, can make the Democratic convention in Atlantic City compare, for sheer drama, with its rival and predecessor in San Francisco; nor does the post-convention campaign of either candidate reach for so much as a second the heights of the Republican pre-convention clash. It is here—in their accounts of the battle for the Republican nomination—that both White and Shadegg have most that is fresh and stimulating to tell us.



The reason is not far to seek. "The [Goldwater] movement," says White, "was something deep, a change or a reflection of change in American life that qualified as more than politics—it was history." On what that "something" was, it is unreasonable to expect all men, or even all political writers, to agree. To Stephen Shadegg, who believed in Goldwater and worked for him, it was nothing less than a new-old prescription for our salvation as a nation: "If Barry Goldwater's concern for the future of the United States was based on a valid understanding, then what he said will re-echo until the citizens of the Republic either heed his words or the Republic itself disappears." To Theodore White—the idolatrous admirer of John Kennedy's careless grace, the appreciative connoisseur of Lyndon Johnson's masterly "pragmatism"—it seemed far less: a step backward, even downward. "The greatest split in the Republican Party," he writes, in a monumental oversimplification, "is not geographical, or even governmental, but between those whose dreams lead forward and those whose dreams lead back."

GIVEN THIS profound difference between the two evaluations of the Goldwater phenomenon, it is fascinating to note how closely White and Shadegg agree in their analyses of the successive phases of the Goldwater draft and campaign.

Neither, for example, has anything but praise for the daring, determination and skill of the small band of men who, meeting in Chicago in October 1961 under the now almost legendary Clif White, set to work to produce a conservative majority at

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the 1964 Republican convention. "In a very real sense," writes Shadegg. "Senator Barry Goldwater was nominated for President by the men who met in Chicago thirty-three months in advance of the Republican convention. . . . It is doubtful if the circumstances of that Chicago meeting can be duplicated in American politics." And Theodore White echoes the accolade: "F. Clifton White and his volunteers had, as far back as 1961, marked out each state with its dates, its procedures and its delegate count. Their planning was more careful, more detailed, and earlier begun than that of any previous Presidential campaign; it was a masterpiece of politics."

By the time Goldwater was ready to declare his candidacy in January 1964, the Draft Goldwater organization was able to present him with approximately 450 dependable delegate votes—a literally unheard-of *tour de force*. Goldwater's reaction—to many of his friends, including Shadegg, as inexplicable as it was incredible—was to scrap the draft organization, dismiss or demote its leaders, and swing immediately into the bruising primary campaign with an untried cadre of Arizona colleagues. (Peter O'Donnell, the Texan who had served as National Chairman of the Draft Goldwater Committee, turned up at a Goldwater pep rally in February 1964 wearing, with wry humor, a pin reading, "Nice Going, Kid—Now Get Lost.")

By June, however, the new inner circle—Kitchel, Kleindienst and Burch (with Clif White relegated to a secondary role)—had learned a good deal, albeit the hard way. In California, on June 2, their new expertise paid off: Goldwater narrowly defeated Rockefeller in the Republican primary, and for all practical purposes locked up the nomination—though William Scranton was to provide a certain amount of comic relief during the six weeks to follow before San Francisco. (Like all Liberal *virtuosi*, Theodore White has obvious difficulty playing the California primary on his journalistic piano; by every test known to Liberaldom, Goldwater should have lost that large, heavily industrial state. Well, it was "only one . . . a scanty margin . . . a state unique in feel and longings.")

Then came the convention—and both White and Shadegg seem almost relieved to be describing Clif White again, calm and assured in his trailer command-post. Inside the huge hall, it was Goldwater all the way; and Theodore White, in the trailer on the final night, had an unerring instinct for the ironic moment, as Scranton on TV moved to make the nomination unanimous:

> [Clif] White watched . . . this, the end of his three-year plan, then pressed another button. 'All call,' he said, and repeated, 'All call . . . Please

Random Notes

● BOOKS AHEAD: *Monks, Nuns and Monasteries*—plenty of pictures; words by Sacheverell Sitwell (Holt; October 18; $10.95).... Dutton has *Thelwell's Riding Academy*, hooray, for September 19 ($2.95). . . . J. Frank Dobie's *Rattlesnakes* is all about them (Little, Brown; August; $5.00).... A more edifying creature is the Golden Eagle, from the novel of the same name by Robert Murphy (he wrote *The Pond*), due from Dutton in August ($3.95). . . . A rip-snorter about a good old-fashioned mysterious and doubtless wicked Munitions King is always fun. Donald McCormick's *Peddler of Death*, biography of Sir Basil Zaharoff, looks to be one of such (Holt; October; $5.00). . . . Remember the days when books were based on Hollywood gems, instead of the other way 'round? Bantam is reprinting Delos Lovelace's 1932 novelization of the *King Kong* screenplay. . . . Of topical import: Devin-Adair is publishing shortly a collection of essays, a number of them by NATIONAL REVIEW writers, *The Future of the American Negro*, edited by George Schuyler; and M. Stanton Evans' *The Liberal Establishment*.

● CASTING MISTAKES: Marlon Brando will play a Texan in love with his horse in *The Appaloosa*, which Universal films this fall. "But first, I wanna sing a little song". . . . Arthur Godfrey, in his very first movie role, will appear opposite Doris Day in *The Glass Bottom Boat*. Wholesome . . . . MacKinlay Kantor wants to be Uncle Arch in Stanley Kramer's *Andersonville*. Abby Mann says the character may not appear in the screenplay, in which case Kantor will be allowed to play "just an old guard or something." . . . Sir Laurence O. is back in the *Khartoum* cast.

● DUCK, MAUDE—HERE COMES ANOTHER TREND! Movies from comic strips is this week's desperate grab from Italy. Lee Falk, the creator, is working up a script for one about Mandrake the Magician for director Duccio Tessari.

● SILLY SEASON: Civil rights types are exercised over ABC-TV's Beatles cartoon series, set for this fall. Seems some of the animation is being done by an Australian studio; Australia's immigration laws bar non-whites . . . . National Father's Day Committee has named Jonathan Winters "Screen Father of the Year," presumably because he has the title role in *Oh Dad, Poor Dad*. Did they read the book? . . . . *Variety* reports that an Italian musician was killed by a shock from his electric guitar the other week.

● HO, HUM, AND ALAS (RESPECTIVELY): John O'Hara has done another major novel about Pennsylvania *et cetera*, called *The Lockwood Concern* (Random House; November; $5.95). Ho . . . . Ditto Updike Ditto, *Of The Farm* (Knopf; November; $3.95). Hum . . . . *Lindsay: A Man for Tomorrow* is from the pot of one Daniel E. Button; Random House lists it for September 15 at $4.95. And tomorrow, and tomorrow, and alas.

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check in your headsets and all radios. I will talk to you tomorrow. Congratulations. Out.'

With that, White closed his switch and was, not knowing it, *Out* himself. He had misjudged his boss as much as his boss misjudged him.

For once again Goldwater moved swiftly to reorganize the winning combination. Kitchel stayed at his side, while Kleindienst—the toughest and in some ways the most knowledgeable of the Arizonans—was retired to Phoenix; Burch, Goldwater's former administrative assistant, was named Chairman of the Republican National Committee, while Clif White was once more shunted into a sideline post as National Director of Citizens for Goldwater and Miller. Moreover, as the campaign itself got under way, much talk was heard of the new influence of certain denizens of "the think tank": idea men such as Bill Baroody, Karl Hess, Tom McCabe and Charles Lichenstein. Says Shadegg: "Someone suggested that surely there must be a useful place for displaced persons, but at the moment no one could suggest where that place might be."

So the year 1964 rolled on, to its final climax on November 3. Shadegg is unsparingly critical of many of the decisions made during the campaign by the new Goldwater leadership. White's book, too, has much to say about it. But it is just here that, for me at least, White's powerful story is most disappointing. It is not that he is personally unkind to Barry Goldwater. Again and again he speaks of him warmly, even fondly; more than once he acknowledges that Goldwater gave voice to real and legitimate public concerns, and championed an honorable cause. He all but concedes that Goldwater was beaten because he was thoroughly misrepresented. But at last he leaves one to suppose that there was something lacking in the cause itself: a lack conclusively demonstrated by the fact of Goldwater's defeat.

And that, of course, is nonsense. White recognizes as much when, in a different context, he writes of the larger significance of William Scranton's quixotic last-minute boomlet just before San Francisco. Surely there can have been few more futile gestures in American politics, viewed narrowly in terms of the chances of success. Yet White, after mewling over the "gallantry" of it all, unerringly puts his finger on the justifying point:

> There was, from the Thursday before the Convention opened, no reality whatever to the Scranton hope of victory. There was only a historical perspective that required him to go down bloody on the floor, in defeat. History would have to record that the Republican Party had not submitted docilely to this new leadership, but had resisted to the end—so that from this resistance and defeat, others, later, might take heart and resume the battle.

May not history also record that, in the long struggle for the soul of America, Barry Goldwater hammered out of his own bitter defeat a stairway for generations yet unborn?

Second Sex and Second Thoughts

WILLIAM S. SCHLAMM

BECAUSE she never wrote her memoirs, we do not know Xanthippe's side of the story. But now that *Force of Circumstances* is published, we do know what Simone de Beauvoir thinks of Jean Paul Sartre. Not that she illuminated, or even redefined, existentialism. On the contrary, her memoirs (of which this is the third and apparently last volume) will increase the popular confusion prevailing on that subject; it will also advance the (debatable) contention that everything Sartre's hand has touched must wither.

Force of Circumstances, by Simone de Beauvoir. Putnam, $10.00

In general, philosophers are suspicious of feminine testimony. Plato was a pederast; Thomas Aquinas, a saint; Kant, an awkward bachelor; Schopenhauer, a misogynist. And those conspicuously rare philosophers who *did* appreciate feminine company had enough sense to live their lives with tastefully taciturn women. Yet Sartre chose to live with Simone de Beauvoir. This does not necessarily reflect on his philosophical qualifications, but it was decidedly his bad luck. The lady tells all, and she tells it with devastatingly honest loquaciousness.

Simone de Beauvoir, you will remember, is also the author of *The Second Sex*—in parts an excellent book that undertakes to postulate, not just woman's social equality with man, but a spiritual identity of the two sexes. Yet what *The Second Sex* may have attained for woman, *Force of Circumstances* will demolish. It is exactly the maudlin, if not mawkish, kind of memoir male arrogance will expect from a mere woman.

She has made the fatal mistake of digesting her copious diary. True, for this reason anyone interested in this monotonous subject will find in *Force of Circumstances* many a titillating detail of Parisan intellectual *mores* and literary gossip. What *can* be accomplished in that minor area of literature has been delightfully demonstrated by the Frères Goncourt, who fortunately had no philosophical ambition and therefore wrote their *indiscrétions* with the true writer's sensuous joy of peeping. Simone de Beauvoir does not begin to match the Goncourt standards. Rather, she observes and reports exactly like a gossipy woman. "Suddenly Koestler threw a glass at Sartre's head and it smashed against the wall . . . Sartre was staggering about on the sidewalk and laughing helplessly when Koestler finally decided to climb back up the stairway on all fours." That zesty bit apparently is meant to illustrate the superiority of Sartre's pro-Communist existentialism over Koestler's raw anti-Communism.

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THE TROUBLE with this kind of writing is that, while purporting to be an accidental reminiscence, it so evidently serves a didactic purpose. Koestler is the only writer whom Simone de Beauvoir remembers in an unpleasant state of drunkenness while anyone who has a fleeting knowledge of literary life in Paris will on the spur of the moment recall several such incidents. And so can Simone de Beauvoir. But she is not really out to write her memoirs. She merely wants to prove one thing or other: for instance, that anti-Communism is ugly; or, for another instance, that Simone de Beauvoir has always been right.

For, though this is an extremely chatty book (658 pages for one-third of a writer's memoirs), there is not a single attempt to question or even merely defend a single thought or judgment of Simone de Beauvoir—over a period of twenty years. But surely a person must have erred, must have grown, must have improved upon herself, between age 35 and age 55, or else there is really no reason for memoirs. Yet Simone de Beauvoir is apparently unprepared for second thoughts. Perhaps she is too young yet.

THE ONLY THING this reader found to be truly haunting, while reading these strangely lifeless memoirs, was the growing and eerie notion that he had read it all before. Certainly not the facts, but the atmosphere of the book recalled all the familiar idiosyncrasies of another person. And then suddenly it came to me: Eleanor Roosevelt! The same dogged primitivity of aggressive Good Will! The same pious self-righteousness! The same complete lack of humor! The same femininity of resentment and judgment! It is Eleanor Roosevelt all over again, right up to JPS's act of FDR's omnipotence, omniscience, and omnipresence.

Now it is true, of course, that Simone de Beauvoir's life has given her a greater intellectual polish than rough-hewn Eleanor Roosevelt could ever attain. But, on the other hand, Madame de Beauvoir's apodictic stupidity often outdoes even Eleanor Roosevelt's *gaffes*. Here is an extremely well-educated French lady who has spent all her adult life in the presence of precise philosophical technicians. And she makes moronic announcements like these:

> The United States was planning to make satellites out of all the countries of Europe, including those in the East.
>
> They [U.S. soldiers in Paris] were defending a country which was supporting dictatorship and corruption from one end of the world to the other.
>
> Those persecutions [of Liberals in the U.S., of course] were presented undisguised as the preliminaries of a preventive war Eisenhower himself announced in an interview he gave to *Paris-Match* in October: the armies of the West were to prepare for imminent battle in the suburbs of Leningrad . . .
>
> The audience [of Hollywood Westerners] then returned home convinced, it was hoped, of the necessity of the preventive war.

Anyone who believes this will believe anything, including Sartre's thesis on the sainthood of Gênet. The overwhelming impression one gains from Madame de Beauvoir's memoirs is a frightening one—that a well-bred and well-read Parisian lady can be as dumb as this. She does not even pause for a second to analyze, or at least defend the obvious monstrosity of such judgments (if only with the old chestnut that the Americans, no matter what they may think, "*objectively*" etc.). No. Madame de Beauvoir notes them as self-evident—the way she would speak of white snow or other undisputed facts of nature. Eisenhower wanted preventive war. Period. So compatible is plain stupidity with intellectual sophistication.

TELLING of her philosophical journey to Portugal, she delivers herself of the profound finding that "the Portuguese are sad because they are hungry." ("The waiters in France are red-heads," once wrote an early Colonel Blimp who had met, on landing in Calais, a red-haired waiter.) But why, then, is Simone de Beauvoir sad? For she is desperately sad, though notoriously well-fed; sad beyond redemption. In the only moving passage of this sad book she writes: "I think with sadness of all the books I've read, all the places I've seen, all the knowledge I've amassed and that will be no more. All the music, all the paintings, all the culture, so many places; and suddenly nothing. They made no money, those things, they can provide no one with any nourishment . . . The promises have all been kept. And yet, turning an incredulous gaze towards that young and credulous girl, I realize with stupor how

Speaking Up . . .

Ernest van den Haag, a practicing psychoanalyst as well as a scholar and a writer, will accept invitations now to lecture and debate around the country. A professor of social philosophy at New York University and lecturer at the New School for Social Research, Dr. van den Haag has written for Harper's, Partisan Review, Commentary, Commonweal and National Review. Why not write Catherine Babcock for openings in Mr. van den Haag's fall and winter schedule?

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much I was gypped." End of the book . . . and of Simone de Beauvoir.

She is sad, indeed. Sad because she was born and will have to die. Sad because life hurts and love hurts and even Sartre hurts. She could have learned all this, by the way, from Sartre; but while she was living with him, she learned only Marxian platitudes. Yet when the aging woman faces herself in the mirror, she becomes entirely human again. Yes, she is of the second sex after all—God bless her.

The Downgraded Rights

GERALD M. CAPLAN

BERNARD SCHWARTZ is not only a law professor at New York University and the former "runaway" chief counsel to the Special House Committee on Legislative Oversight, he is also a prolific writer. Indeed, to the faithful who have followed his writings over the years, Schwartz serves as a virtual one-man Book-of-the-Month Club. His latest effort, *The Rights of Property,* is the third in a projected five-volume treatise aimed at embracing the whole of American constitutional law. As such, its scope is vast, even breathtaking (2585 footnotes for 328 pages of text). Among the subjects explored are due process, contracts, the police power, the public welfare, and eminent domain.

The Rights of Property, by Bernard Schwartz. Macmillan, $12.50

That the analysis is as shallow as it is broad is in part inherent in the grandeur of the enterprise; it is simply no longer possible for one man to master such a large body of case law and commentary, and no scholar has in recent years even made the attempt. For a one-man endeavor, Schwartz' research is good; but as a treatise on the constitutional adjudication of property rights, it only skims the surface. At best, he confines himself to a recitation of the case holdings (occasionally amplifying his quotations from judicial opinions with quotations from commentaries). He never attempts to demonstrate the techniques of appellate court advocacy or the process of judicial decision making. The contrarieties of the cases are noted, but the reader is not informed why these differences made a difference to the Supreme Court.

At the outset, and at scattered intervals throughout, there is the hint of a philosophical position. We are told, for example, that "in today's hierarchy of values, all too often, the rights of property tend to be relegated to a lesser level"; that "in all too many cases, the employer can no longer terminate the [employment] relationship . . . or even control the choice of his employees"; that the "regulation of individual taste in the name of aesthetics may result in imposed conformity to the aesthetic predilections of those who cast the largest number of votes." But these views are never developed in any detail and stand in marked contrast to the overall tone of the commentary, which reveals Schwartz as a rather conventional supporter of the Court and of the extension of federal power. He writes that "the spending power can be utilized for whatever purposes the legislature chooses—and this should plainly include the attainment of *cultural objectives*" and, that the "minimal part played by American governments in advancement of the arts will have to become a thing of the past if the society's interest in *cultural progress* is to be properly vindicated" (emphasis added). Earlier he comments that "it is difficult to see why the legislature has no power to make the exercise of the suffrage a compulsory duty." One may ask, altogether innocently, what exactly is "cultural progress" and what are our "cultural objectives." And one can only shudder at the thought of compulsory suffrage.

ONE NOTION that pervades the book is that individual property rights must be balanced against the community interest. "The demands of the community must stand upon a higher plane than those of the ordinary citizen," and "private property rights" must be sacrificed at times "in the interest of the higher welfare of the community." The dichotomy is a naive one and Professor Schwartz should know better. There is nearly always a community interest in the protection of individual property rights; indeed, it is difficult to conceive a situation where the rights of one individual would be in opposition to the entire community. What exists in fact is not a unitary, community interest, but rather the competing interests of various groups within the community. Schwartz himself seems to recognize this when almost as an afterthought, over halfway through the text, he notes that "if balance we must, should we not place on the individual's side the importance of the institution of property in the free society?" Unfortunately, the sentence is in the form of a question.

Much of the book avoids both criticism and praise of the Court; in fact, this seems to be part of its goal. In one of the most startling statements ever made by a constitutional scholar, Schwartz writes: "Whether measures which move the economy in a socialistic direction are desirable is beyond the scope of a constitutional commentary. It is not the business of the law to prescribe limits for the society." If it is unfair to criticize an author for not doing what he expressly disclaimed doing, one nevertheless can't help noting the rather novel view Schwartz takes of his subject.

Whether Liberal or conservative, or just plain noncommittal, Schwartz is so busy listing the cases and stating their holdings that he simply doesn't have time to think deeply about his subject-matter. Insufficiently detailed for the layman, and insufficiently analytical for the scholar, containing little that is new, and restating the old in rather tired prose, much of the discussion achieves an unrelieved tedium. In Holmes' well-worn phrase, "one has to try to strike the jugular and let the rest go." Professor Schwartz has glanced the jugular and stuck to the rest.

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Bach, the Baroque, and the Fugue

RALPH DE TOLEDANO

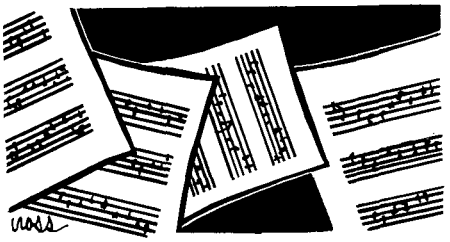
THE BAROQUE REVIVAL is all about us—and at every turn we are confounded by deep thoughts on the purity of its music as compared to the "decadence" of the Classical and Romantic eras which followed. I will concede that this new found land of contrapuntal art has helped break down the fear of Bach which, once upon a time, otherwise sensible listeners of music professed. As of this day, it takes no more than an open mind to respond to the *Magnificat,* to the wonderful lilt of *Wachet Auf,* or to the resplendently textured clavier concertos. So acceptable and accepted has become old Johann Sebastian that the far-out critics, applying reverse English, are beginning to tell us again that he is too difficult—if we listen a-right.

I am, however, disturbed by this talk of "purity" when the work of the greatest of the contrapuntalists is discussed. How pure are the notes we hear in concert hall and from phonograph records? Is the sound that envelops us what Bach had in mind, what he put down on paper? Or is it the product of a twentieth-century mind seeking an answer to the frequent riddles of a Bach score? Poor Mendelssohn, who brought Bach into Western musical consciousness after the Classicists had buried him, was well aware of this problem—and he complained bitterly about Bach's Baroque insistence on leaving almost everything to the performer. Initial tempo, dynamics, phrasing, and the hundreds of meticulous directions with which later composers embroidered their scores—these are missing from the sheets of Bach's music.

In the preponderance of Bach's works, we are at the mercy of the performer and of his understanding of the Baroque tradition. Leopold Stokowski has done no more than follow the dictates of a saccharine psyche in his marshmallow transcriptions of Bach. But Stokowski has not been alone, though there were times when we felt that his hair should be bobbed for the gaudiness of those ventures.

Even a musician as perceptive of musical sensibilities as Pablo Casals could defend the Bach transcriptions. "To spurn them," he once said, "is a mistake. The strictly musical value is above the instrumental value, and it should predominate. Why then shouldn't it be transferred to other instruments? Bach did it consistently. Why shouldn't we do it?" And so Bach did, giving to the violin what he had set down in the broader logic of the clavier. It was, of course, his own music which for the most part he diddled in this fashion—and he was never required to define "strictly musical value."

Casals went much further: "'Authentic' tempo is impossible," he said. "The tempo should vary with the performer according to the circumstances. What does matter is that he should know how to produce the tempo required by his personal feel-



ing and suitable to the spirit of the music." The last phrase is an escape clause; without it, Señor Casals, the Classicist, would have surrendered to the Romantics.

If Casals feels that the "purity" of a Bach performance is in the performer's heart, he can find some support from the musical record of *Die Kunst der Fuge,* the *fiat lux* and the *ita missa est* of Baroque composition—and the ultimate in contrapuntal expression. *The Art of the Fugue,* a compendium of the fugal art, has been surrounded by editorial fog ever since Carl Philipp Emanuel Bach, the composer's son, wrote on the score, "While working on this fugue, in which the name B A C H appears in coutersubject, the author died." (The countersubject was B flat, A, C, and B natural, which musically reads Bach.) This was fine drama, but the evidence says to me and to Albert Schweitzer that Bach had finished the work since, blind and dying, he took the time to dictate an unimportant section which traditionally "completes" *Die Kunst der Fuge.* This was hardly the attitude of a composer toward a work which he felt was his final contribution to musical art.

The Art of the Fugue, even without considering the "corrections" of editors who imposed their own ideas on a posthumous work, presents problems enough. Later scholarship shows such outrageous licenses as the systematic change of time values and the rearrangement of a structure in which each fugue builds on its predecessor. *The Art of the Fugue* is written in open score—a skeleton of notes without the flesh of instrumentation—leaving up to those who would assault it the choice of weapons.

The purists prefer to see it as an organ work, and there is some justification for this. The organ, after all, was Bach's instrument. But so, too, was the Baroque orchestra. Bach, to his credit, never wrote *in vacuo,* but to be heard; and he could have hardly believed that an audience would sit still for *Die Kunst der Fuge's* nineteen *contrapuncti* in organ performance. For, magnificent as the Baroque organ can be, it is a mighty room-emptier when overdone. Aware of this, musicians have taken this girdered score and fitted it into the context of piano, orchestra, string quartet, chamber orchestra, and harpsichord.

In the early 1940s, Fritz Stiedry conducted his own transcription for chamber orchestra for the New Friends of Music at New York's Town Hall—but this, to quote Shelley, "vibrates in the memory" alone. (It was a great and beautiful experience for me.) Looking at it coldly, however, I find myself equally enchanted with the approach of Samuel Baron who uses a string quartet, a woodwind quintet, and both together, as the music dictates. You can hear his LP version with the Fine Arts Quartet and the New York Woodwind Quintet (Concert-Disc M 1230, 1250) in an eminently satisfactory recording. As the music builds, it is hard to realize that in the five years after its publication, only 30 copies of this complete exploration of the fugue were sold.

Both Bach and the fugue died together. A musical epoch and a style died with them. With the advance in instrumental techniques, the move-

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ment of music from church to court, new voices were heard. But death brings its own transfiguration. Fifty years after *Die Kunst der Fuge* had slipped into obscurity it was being resurrected. The Baroque Revival has brought another emergence from the tomb. Are the purists right? Or has Casals said it better? The single operative fact about Johann Sebastian Bach is that the notes speak for him, no matter how they are attacked. That is his greatness.

BOOKS IN BRIEF

STRANGE COMMUNISTS I HAVE KNOWN, by Bertram D. Wolfe (Stein and Day, $6.00). Big Jim Larkin was perhaps the strangest rebel ever to be infected with the Communist virus. An ardent Catholic, he used to startle audiences on New York's lower East Side with such *pronunciamentos* as, "I stand by the Cross and the Bible and I stand by Marx and the Manifesto." His story, as well as the stories of other "strange" Communists, is told with much sympathy and understanding by Bertram D. Wolfe in this strangely uneven collection of fugitive pieces. The book purports to tell the old story (by now) of how some of "those who streamed towards Moscow" faced up to the reality of life in the new Utopia as measured against their dreams, and how, finally, "they broke away." Except for three or four personalities treated in Part One of the book, this is not true for any of the others. Neither Trotsky nor Rosa Luxemburg quite fits the picture of a disillusioned radical; nor Inessa Armand, the third party in Lenin's *ménage à trois*, whose story Wolfe tells with much interest and little cant. She certainly did not ever "question" her faith in, or "rebel" against, the cause for which she died. The episode of Roman Malinovsky, the Czarist spy in the ranks of the Bolsheviks, is always worth recounting, but he is hardly the prototype of those who "measured dream against the deed" of Communist reality. It would be misleading, however, to leave the impression that the book is without merit because it fails to live up to its uninhibited title and its overstated premise. Aside from the piece on Larkin, the affectionate portrait of Angelica Balabanoff is worth perusing as a study in innocence that refuses to be corrupted—even after decades of close association with events and personalities that always turned her fondest dreams into horrible nightmares. And the story of how Samuel Putnam, the gifted translator and author, found redemption via the medium of a book review, as a reasonably wise and dignified human being after years as a non-person held in the grip of a dehumanized Party line, is well worth the price of admission to this strange gallery of assorted rebels. M. GELTMAN

PEACE AND WAR IN THE MODERN AGE, edited by Frank R. Barnett, William C. Mott, and John C. Neff (Doubleday Anchor, $1.45). Twenty-five unsentimental students of twentieth-century *realpolitik* have contributed papers to a remarkable symposium on the Cold War. Included are doves and hawks, but not one giddy ostrich from the disarmament community. Some contributors, such as Rusk, Acheson and Eisenhower, deal in familiar Cold War generalities. But most treat specific, esoteric facets of national security. Together, these sophisticated papers comprise an advanced, second-generation analysis of the global struggle. Among the choicest selections are Gerhart Niemeyer's observations on Communists in coalition governments; Franklin M. Osanka's authoritative study of Red pre-insurgency techniques; Walter F. Hahn's illuminating analysis of the impact of Russian secrecy on Soviet policy; and Robert Strausz-Hupé's probe into Soviet weakness. Despite the eclectic subject matter, certain themes appear repeatedly through the book. There is substantial agreement that the Cold War is not mellowing; on the contrary that it is escalating into a new and dangerous phase. There is widespread belief that *ad hoc* responses to Soviet initiatives would no longer suffice. Survival now depends on long-range planning and the implementation of a forward strategy. And finally, there is general consensus that this country has barely tapped many of its non-military resources. In short, we are not waging total Cold War, but the Soviets are. R. S. WHEELER

Festival

(Continued from p. 684)

the Declaration of Cooperation was amended. They objected principally to: a) one clause that acknowledged the right of the Festival organizers to bar any delegation or any individual from the meeting if it, or he, was found to have acted against the "basis of cooperation," whatever that meant; and b) the pledge they were asked to make, in advance, to channel all publicity both during and after the Festival through the National Festival Committee.

And so, perhaps fortunately for the IPC, Ben Bella fell and the Festival had to be scrubbed. The decision was taken on July 9, just twenty days before the Festival would have opened, at a meeting of the IPC with the leaders of the World Council of Peace at Tampero, near Helsinki. The Festival was postponed a year: the place and date of the next one to be decided at a meeting of the special Committee at the end of 1965. In calling it quits, the Kremlin suffered what may be its single greatest defeat in Communist-front operations in the past twenty years.

Reapportionment

(Continued from p. 689)

different occasions (1928, 1948, 1960, 1962). Indeed, in 1948 one of the most eloquent voices raised in favor of California for the Californians was that of then Governor Earl Warren. The Warren Court brushed those four referendums under the rug and ordered California to reapportion. But the California legislature failed to agree on a plan by the July 1 deadline, and the courts have not called the legislature back into session. What will happen if California sticks by her guns? Will Earl Warren dispatch federal troops to occupy his home state?

While the reapportionment question raises high passions in California, the voters of Connecticut seem apathetic. The Citizens Committee and its allies have a major job of education and precinct organization to accomplish if they are to beat a Pinney-Bailey alliance that involves the local organizations of both parties. They have the rest of this year, no more, to rescue from the Supreme Court's trophy room the work of three centuries.

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TO THE EDITOR

(Continued from p. 673)

can only come from production of wealth. This makes the operation of a capitalist system mandatory, for governments notoriously do not produce wealth: they assume it.

St. Petersburg, Fla. ROBERT J. NEEDLES, M.D.

I wish your readers to know that the abridged version of my essay, "African Political Economy," originally published elsewhere, which appeared in your issue on June 29, was published, abridged and edited without my knowledge, let alone consent or cooperation.

London P. T. BAUER

Our Mistake

Of all people, conservatives should learn it's *Drake* Edens of South Carolina [Cato, July 13].

Charleston, S.C. FRANCIS X. ARCHIBALD

In "On the Right" in the May 4th issue of NATIONAL REVIEW two errors should be corrected. Mr. Buckley states, "Admiral Anderson, whose term of office as chairman of the Joint Chiefs was terminated in 1963 by President Kennedy. . . ." Admiral Anderson served as Chief of Naval Operations from August 1st, 1961 until his retirement in August 1963. Although a member of the Joint Chiefs, he at no time served as its Chairman.

In a subsequent paragraph of his column, Mr. Buckley names Mr. Hébert —Representative from Louisiana—as Chairman of the House Armed Services Committee. On the contrary, this post is held by Representative L. Mendel Rivers of South Carolina. Representative Rivers has been an outspoken critic of many of the policies which have originated in the sacrosanct halls of the Department of Defense.

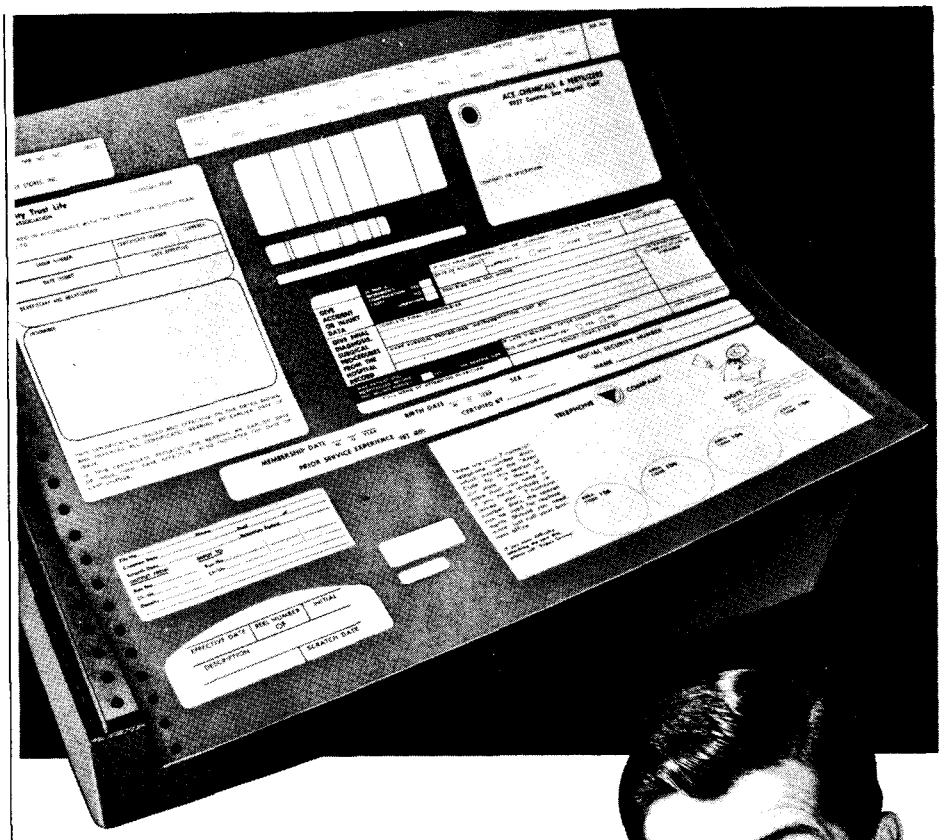
APO, San Francisco FRANCIS A. COLLINS

SOLUTION TO LAST ISSUE'S TRANS-O-GRAM (July 27)

W[illia]m Lloyd Garrison

THE LIBERATOR

Tell a man whose house is on fire to give a moderate alarm; tell a man to moderately rescue his wife from the hands of the ravisher; tell the mother to gradually extricate her babe from the fire into which it has fallen; but urge me not to use moderation in a cause like the present.



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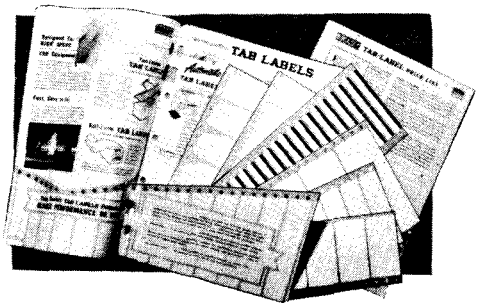

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TRANS-O-GRAM

by Svend Petersen

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. Vanishing supporters of a lost tribe (2 wds.)	12 133 55 41 137 32 52 69 101 79 / 160 87 28
B. He knows what's cooking on the range	19 135 89 76 3 204
C. This is more uniformly observed than Eastern Daylight Savings (2 wds.)	54 103 136 174 91 116 71 30 138 149
D. The first anesthetist	120 74 70 47
E. These are used in confrontations	128 153 188 102 56 43 203 72
F. A "the" is pleonastic preceding this automobile name	158 139 60 75 44 208 198
G. Trade name for machine used in printing	187 45 57 119 31 166 7 168
H. Suffering continued pain	191 25 111 118 92 88
I. One of Columbus' ships	46 131 124 51
J. Shipwrecked	199 97 154 33 121 109 184 67
K. The flow of cadences in written or spoken language	207 155 192 61 169 146
L. A Hawkeye	1 80 178 182 150
M. This does not necessarily make right	50 34 125 94 73
N. What the boys from Syracuse and Ephesus caused	95 5 81 35 171 145
O. First name of one-time famous historical novelist	82 62 36 6 104 170 161
P. A nonmetallic element of the halogen group (one of two sp.)	173 8 21 83 63
Q. Scramble word meaning merit to get one meaning cast	110 105 9 156 151
R. This doesn't pay when it makes you return excess change	148 206 84 22 37 10 162
S. One who anticipates the best possible outcome	164 65 122 175 196 211 11 126
T. This takes in everything	4 85 13 117 53 172 193 64
U. Brindled	29 38 163 186 78
V. A favorite of Catherine II of Russia	130 77 140 112 185 106 24 14
W. An underteacher (Gr. Br.)	142 197 127 176 39
X. Member of a secret masked band (2 wds.)	181 26 213 152 134 189 42 15 141 200
Y. Unscramble STORM NINE	195 27 107 16 143 23 209 129 202
Z. Lacking in understanding	210 93 159 190 86 17
a. Manner in which traffic officers often have to act	90 123 183 179 194 18 212 58 201 99
b. Town in Burleigh County, N. D.	68 108 2 205 144 147
c. Name of an English judge (1734-99); also of a British colonial gov. (1815-1901)	40 96 115 59
d. A simpleton	98 49 159 165 113
e. An actress (silent films) whose name was anagram of ARAB DEATH	48 100 180 177 20 167 66 132 114

See page 697 for solution of last Trans-O-Gram.

1 L	2 b		3 B	4 T	5 N		6 O	7 G	8 P	9 Q	10 R	11 S	12 A	13 T	14 V	15 X
16 Y	17 Z		18 a	19 B	20 e	21 P	22 R	23 Y	24 V	25 H		26 X	27 Y	28 A	29 U	30 C
31 G	32 A	33 J	34 M	35 N	36 O	37 R		38 U	39 W	40 c		41 A	42 X	43 E	44 F	45 G
46 I	47 D		48 e	49 d		50 M	51 I	52 A	53 T		54 C	55 A	56 E	57 G	58 a	59 c
60 F	61 K	62 O	63 P	64 T		65 S	66 e	67 J	68 b	69 a	70 D	71 C	72 E		73 M	74 D
	75 F		76 B	77 V	78 U		79 A	80 L	81 N		82 O	83 P	84 R	85 T	86 Z	87 A
88 H		89 B	90 a	91 C	92 H		93 Z	94 M	95 N	96 c		97 J	98 d	99 a		100e
101A		102E	103C	104O	105Q		106V	107Y	108b	109J		110Q	111H	112V	113d	
114e	115c	116C		117T	118H	119G	120D	121J	122S	123a	124I	125M		126S	127W	128E
	129Y	130V	131I	132e	133A	134X		135B	136C		137A	138C	139F	140V	141X	142W
143Y	144b	145N	146K		147b	148R	149C	150L		151Q	152X	153E		154J	155K	156Q
157Z	158F	159d		160A	161O	162R	163U	164S	165d	166G		167e	168G		169K	170O
171N	172T	173P	174C	175S	176W	177e		178L	179a	180e	181X		182L		183a	184J
185V	186U	187G	188E	189X		190Z	191H	192K	193T		194a	195Y	196S		197W	198F
199J	200X	201a	202Y	203E	204B		205b	206R	207K		208F	209Y	210Z	211S	212a	213X

DIRECTIONS

The object of TRANS-O-GRAM is to fill out the puzzle diagram by guessing the WORDS (above) from their DEFINITIONS, and transferring each letter of the guessed word to the correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. When the diagram is filled out it will spell out a quotation from some published work (reading normally from left to right, black lines indicating the end of a word); also, when the WORDS have all been filled in above, their initial letters will spell out the author and title of the quoted work. The acrostic feature, and the relative word-lengths in the diagram, will assist in the solution. Spelling and definitions on the authority of Webster's New International Dictionary, Second Edition.

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For The Record

Clamp down: NBC reporters, writers, editors and researchers have been told to stay out of political campaigns. Orders from news head William McAndrew nipped plans of many NBCers (Chet Huntley among them) to get into NYC mayoral race on John Lindsay's side. . . . FCC has in past month knocked down two "equal time" complaints by Democratic National Committee against right-wing organizations. In both cases (WGCB, Red Lion, Pa.; WBNS, Columbus, O.) FCC found Democrats had been offered time on a paid basis and had refused it.

Enraged: Rep. William S. Broomfield (R., Mich.) at revelation that Ambassador Bunker (LBJ's troubleshooter in Jakarta) last April recommended resumption of aid to Sukarno to "keep our foot in the door." Part of plan would permit sale of a highly sophisticated military communications system (which Sukarno presumably needs the better to Crush Malaysia with, my dear). Rep. Findley (R., Ill.) has appealed to President himself to step into the picture and halt the deal. . . . Other House Republicans, led by Rep. John Anderson (Ill.), starting to ask questions about Ralph Bunche. The UN Under-Secretary, in speeches around the country, has a) severely criticized U.S. policy in Vietnam and b) predicted Red China entry into UN within two years. . . . Joining in growing left-smear of Johnson (the President must be unbalanced to be doing what he's doing in Vietnam) is singer Harry Belafonte who, according to Worker, told a Detroit Committee to End the War in Vietnam that the President had "lied about what he said he wanted to do" (in the '64 campaign, when Belafonte campaigned for him). "Johnson is a sick man," he continued. "I don't need him to wipe my nose." . . . Expect demonstrations against Vietnam war on 100 or more campuses when colleges open. Groundwork for them now being laid.

Is Ben Bella still alive? Algerian refusal to allow the three French lawyers who had represented Ben Bella when he was a prisoner in France to see him a couple of weeks ago tends to support rumor that former Algerian president is dead, or injured. . . . Nearly 1,200 political prisoners have been released in Algeria since June 19, among them 50-odd French. . . . July 31 was the final day for Algerian-born Frenchmen to apply for Algerian citizenship. Only a few hundred of 1.2 million French Algerians have done so.

Coexistence, satellite style: Poland still refuses to permit Hubert Humphrey to lead congressional delegation to Cracow for Oct. opening of new $11 million children's hospital—built with U.S. funds. Exploded Sec. Rus: "I'm awfully worried about Poland. It has been uncooperative and I'm very disappointed with its leaders." . . . Vatican equally worried about Hungary which—despite last September's concordat—has just arrested Prof. Sandor Balant, an associate of Cardinal Mindzenty, on charges of "anti-state" activity, and also handed down stiff prison sentences against seven Catholic priests, for ditto activities.

"Productivity? Has George Brown any idea how many man-hours we've put into this wage claim?"

Punch

Ben Roth Agency

Authorities in Czechoslovakia irked by latest Prague joke: "Why do we hate the Russians?" "Because they liberated us." "Why do we hate the Americans?" "Because they didn't."

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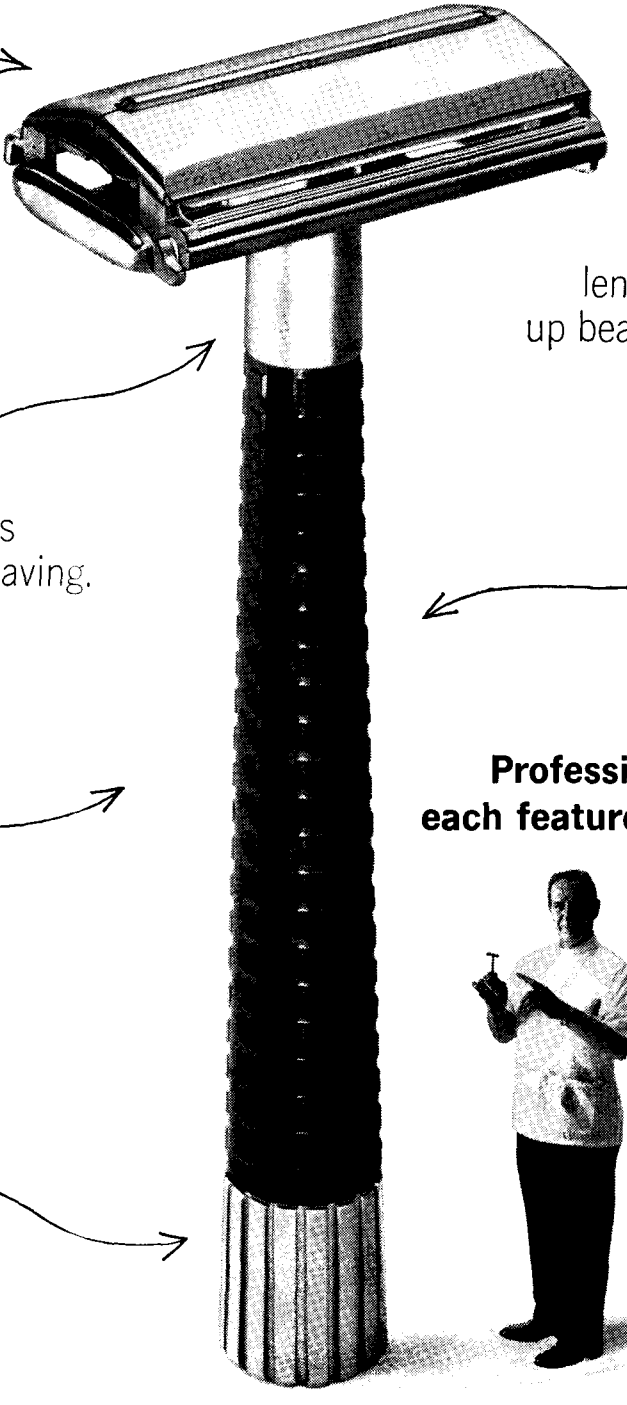
Introducing–the all new double edge razor by Schick



New thin head–
tapered to set shaving
angle just right.

New patented
guard bar with
lengthwise grooves–sets
up beard, helps protect skin.

New narrow neck–helps
you see where you're shaving.

New long tapered
handle–fits all four
fingers for
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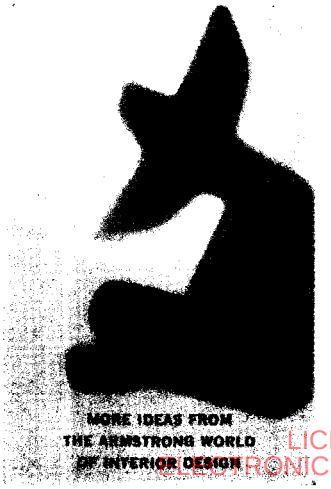
Inspiration: A Mexican hacienda Floor: Montina Vinyl Corlon



Textured surfaces, rich colors, grandeur—these are traits of Mexican decorating, and of this vinyl floor by Armstrong—Montina Corlon.

Montina is made of stone-like chips of vinyl veined with color. They are set in deep, translucent vinyl to create intriguing, pebbly texture.

This textured surface helps hide scuffs and heel marks.

Because Montina comes in wide rolls, there's scarcely a seam, wall to wall.

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